

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS. ILLUSTRATED.

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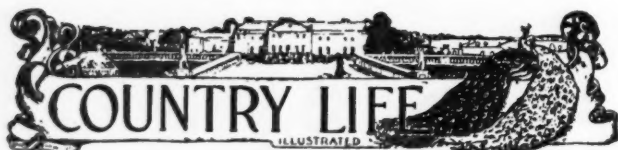
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RICHARD N. SPEAIGHT.

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THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT AND CHILDREN.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration photographs, instantaneous or otherwise, besides literary contributions, in the shape of articles and descriptions, as well as short stories, sporting or otherwise, not exceeding 2,000 words. Contributors are specially requested to place their names and addresses on their MSS. and on the backs of photographs. The Editor will not be responsible for the return of artistic or literary contributions which he may not be able to use, and the receipt of a proof must not be taken as evidence that an article is accepted. Publication in COUNTRY LIFE alone will be recognised as acceptance. Where stamps are enclosed, the Editor will do his best to return those contributions which he does not require.

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On account of the regulations of the Postal authorities, the index to Vol. VIII. of COUNTRY LIFE is not included in the body of the paper, but it will be forwarded free to subscribers by the Manager upon the receipt of a stamped and addressed wrapper.

THE AMERICANISING OF GREAT BRITAIN.

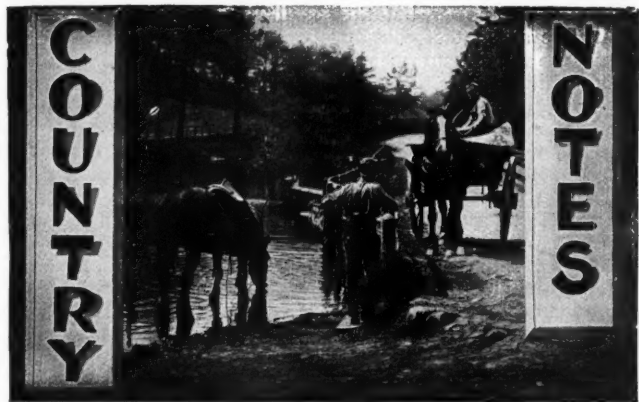
IT is significant that already, unless facts and their causes are alike wrongly reported, the recent "boom" in American railway stock has had its effect on the prices of town and country houses to let in Great Britain. And this is not, unfortunately, because Britons have made their "pile" in American railways, but that Americans, who have piled up their dollars, propose to distribute them over here. That is, so far, as it should be; but it were better had it been our own folk that were to enjoy such pleasure as the lavish expenditure of the dollar brings. Naturally, in the boom and its reaction there were fortunes unmade as well as fortunes made; but, on the whole, the

chief part of the work has been constructive. A significant point of it all, for us, is that the fortune-making of Americans should mean a rise in the price of those possessions that we look on as most peculiarly British—our town houses for the season and our country places for the autumn. Paris used to be named as the Paradise of the Americans—"where good Americans go when they die." We believe that to be the case no longer, but that the good American, after death, now spends part of the year in London and part in Scotland. The American is fond of boasting himself to be the most finished cosmopolitan in the world; but it is doubtful whether any man has ever been a thorough cosmopolitan at heart. The American, at his heart, is really the most home-loving of persons. And he can never have felt himself truly at home in a country where the native language was not his language, nor the native ways his ways. He was a stranger in a strange land. There are pleasures in that situation, but they are not the pleasures of home. In Great Britain the American is in a land where the ways are not very dissimilar from his own, where the language is identical (save for the "English accent") with his; he is, in fact, in the home of his forefathers. And we have taught him to enjoy it. There was a process necessarily antecedent to the Americanising of Great Britain—the Anglicising of America. The Americanising of Great Britain is in some degree realised, in greater degree still to be accomplished; but the Anglicising of America, the infusing of America with our tastes for sports, for country life, for all that we like to think of as most British, has been accomplished already by the many British visits that American hospitality has gladly suffered, by the many visits of Americans to us, and by the many marriages that are doing much to reunite two branches of the Anglo-Saxon people that never should have been divided. As we write, the resolution has just been made public to send teams of Oxford and Cambridge athletes to compete with the athletes of Harvard and of Yale. All these things work together to the same good end; but, when all is said, it is to be feared that the strongest element in the Americanising of Great Britain is the American dollar.

The prosperity of the great continent is surprising. At one time it was the wheat production of Hungary that gave the standard and the price to European wheat. Now the standard-giver is no longer any European country or district, but it is America that sets the standard and the price. As America has entered, with over-mastering power, into the agricultural competition, so, too, she now is entering, with resources that Europe scarcely can fight against, on the commercial competition. To be sure, she has already made some way in the competition, but it seems as if she were only now beginning to feel her strength and discover the means of applying it. The prospect is very terrible. Happily it is less terrifying for us than for other European countries. In a sense it is to be questioned if we are rightly to be described as a European country. An island, with a world-wide empire, between two continents, expresses our position better, and the more clearly we perceive the growing strength of America, the more reason we have for congratulation on our blood-relationship with that great and growing country, and on the recent events that have done so much in the way of dispelling the suspicions that can exist mutually between related nations. British sympathy with America in her troubles with Spain came as a revelation to America of our true sentiment towards her. Recently, in China, an American general officer has said in a public speech, that in the event of British trouble American sentiment would be with Great Britain unflinchingly. We believe it, and rejoice in the belief. European isolation has few dangers provided the Anglo-Saxon people be united.

When human beings, whether of the same or of different nationalities, come to know each other better than they have done in the past, their first feeling, generally, is one of astonishment at finding how much they have in common. It is this better mutual comprehension that is aided so valuably by the greatly-increasing intercourse between Great Britain and America that results from American renting of our deer forests, salmon rivers, Norfolk shootings, and the rest. It must, of course, seem a lamentable thing to the sons of the soil that their feudal lords no longer are in possession of the great house and the great estate. We all lament it with a lamentation partly sentimental, but partly reasonable enough. Nevertheless, it is well to perceive that something may be said on the other side. It is a pity, from a certain point of view, that an American manufacturer or speculator should possess the estate of a great territorial magnate of ancient lineage. But, after all, not every territorial magnate is a good man, nor every American speculator a bad one; and then there is always this to be said, that while the American dollar is taking possession of us, we are in hopes that the British sentiment, the culture, the antiquity, the "humanity," in its classic sense, is taking possession of the American dollar-monger in return. We hope that the influences are reciprocal, that we are able the better to appreciate the American, and that he is able the better to appreciate us. We

hope that it all is making towards the union of the great Anglo-Saxon people, which ought to be one of the most important factors (indeed, quite the most important factor) in the world's history of the immediate future. If we, not deriving immediately any dollars from it, feel at all disposed to resent the invasion of the American, let us remember at least that it has this other, less apparent, side—that it may be making for the ultimate peace and freedom of the world, and for that best of all ideals of the visionary statesman, a world-wide Anglo-Saxon Empire. The American instead of "Empire" will read "Federation"; but that is a mere question of names which does not matter.



THE special correspondent of the *Times* who is accompanying the Royal tour, refers in one of his messages this week to a question which, as he justly remarks, requires settlement. His telegram hails from Singleton, N.S.W.—which is, as the crow flies, just about ninety miles north of Sydney—and the particular matter to which he draws attention concerns the fact that in travelling from Sydney to Brisbane the Royal party had to change into another train no less than three times. This was due to the Victorian gauge being different from that of New South Wales, whilst the Queensland gauge is different from both. It is a very clear case of divided interests, and one cannot believe that United Australia will continue to tolerate it.

It is a satisfaction to our loyalty to reflect that when the Duke of Cornwall and York goes shooting in our colonies, as lately in Australia, where he made the moderate bag of eighteen brace of quail and a few hares, he will do the Empire, over which in the natural course of events he one day will rule, more than credit by his skill as a shot. Probably the quail is not a very familiar mark to him, though sometimes these little birds do visit Sandringham and its neighbourhood, but at rocketing pheasants or driven partridges—a far severer test—there are very few men in England who can give a better account of themselves than England's future King. It is as it should be, that he should inspire our colonial brethren with admiration of his performance in those sports in which all men are equal without respect of persons or rank.

So often have we heard that the enemy are "sick of the war" that we begin to be a little tired of the phrase; but everything comes to an end, and, notwithstanding the rumoured fresh invasion of Cape Colony by De Wet, we are inclined to take a hopeful view of the situation. The more so because of the cheering news contained in almost every despatch from Lord Kitchener, who reports the capture of small parties of Boers and immense numbers of horses and cattle, not to speak of rifles and ammunition, so frequently, that to the lay mind the only surprising thing is that the enemy, or what is left of them, are able to keep the field at all. The *Times* correspondent believes that the time has arrived when it would be expedient to fix a date after which the rights of belligerents will no longer be accorded to those remaining in the field, but this is obviously a matter for Lord Kitchener to decide, and it may safely be left in his hands.

Next week there will be published one of those special numbers of *COUNTRY LIFE* that have in the past proved so welcome to our readers. It is impossible for us to affect a belief that this one will fail to give a pleasure equal to that obtained from its predecessors. This can be asserted all the more frankly, because it is really luck rather than anything else that has favoured us. Contributors of exactly the right sort have come forward with topics of exceptional interest at the moment. It would be rash to count too much on the future, yet surely it may be said with confidence that Haddon Hall must form an interesting Country Home. Stonehenge has attracted much attention this year, owing to the fall of a great monolith on the last day of the century, and an excellent stroke of fortune has given

us an article on it from the lady in all England best qualified to write, viz., Lady Antrobus. This will be illustrated by photographs recently taken by Sir Norman Lockyer. Of the story we now say nothing, except that it is by Gilbert Parker at his best. The characteristic of the remainder of the paper is that it has caught a glint of the summer sunshine. Sir Herbert Maxwell is going to tell us about June butterflies, and Elizabeth Le Blond is to explain about climbing the Alps, there will be some hawking in Algeria for the sportsman, fine birds'-nesting for the naturalist, a grand stud of Shires for the farm folk, fine knacks for ladies, and hosts of things for the general reader. Now is not the bill of fare one for which we may confidently issue invitations?

The season for agricultural shows may be said to open in earnest with the Bath and West of England, and it is highly satisfactory to know that the entries at Croydon exceed those of any other year. For our own part, we are looking forward with most interest to the results likely to be obtained in the dairy classes. Mr. Ernest Matthews, the well-known judge and expert, is directing a number of experiments with five of the most important breeds of cattle, for the purpose of ascertaining with great exactitude the yield of the best cows and the quality of the milk. This, at the present moment, must be of exceptional interest to agriculturists, since the question of a milk-standard is being most keenly discussed just now. Besides, some ingenious adulterator has found out a method of adding 33 1-3 per cent. of water to butter in a manner that defies the analyst. The consequence of this case having come before the courts will probably be—and, in fact, Mr. Hanbury has said as much—to bring into existence a standard of purity for butter as well as milk.

Of all the millionaires who have lived in our time, Mr. Carnegie has certainly been the most generous to his native land. His latest bequest is a gift of £2,000,000 to the Scottish Universities, for the purpose of abolishing fees altogether. Probably no other gift would have been equally welcome to the Scottish nation, which always has prided itself on its educational system. The students have a tradition of living, like Mr. Barrie's hero, on oatmeal, in a room on the seventh floor, and their success in after life is, no doubt, due in great measure to this training in frugality. But light as the fees were, and cheap as the mode of living was, the fee undoubtedly prevented many a promising boy from entering Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, or St. Andrews Universities. The practical difficulty now is that the change in the system of education no longer produces a number of possible students. In the old parochial system of education, the schoolmaster was, if not actually a stickit minister in at least nine cases out of ten, a graduate of some University with a genuine taste for letters. And unequal as we may think some of his methods were, nevertheless he usually had a keen eye for talent, and brought forward many a boy who without such help would have been only some mute and inglorious Milton. But now a free education in the schools does not produce young men of the same standard and equality. In fact, the system of elementary education throughout Great Britain may best be likened to a huge factory for turning out boys whose qualities are machine-made and all after one pattern. We hope that, in continuation of the work of which Mr. Carnegie's offer is the beginning, an attempt will be made to introduce into the modern system some of the old love of letters that distinguished the parish schools of Scotland.

Mr. Wyndham's cheery optimism in regard to the Irish Census returns is not very contagious. It is founded on the fact that whereas the population decreased by seven per cent. between 1881 and 1891, the falling off was only five per cent. in the decennium now closed. Quite possibly it may be argued that on the whole this dwindling is beneficial, that it is to the benefit of those who remain when thirteen per cent. of the inhabitants depart from the congested districts. True this may be, yet history never has shown a flourishing community with a dwindling population. For instance, friends of Italy cannot help being glad that the recent returns show such a very large increase that the total population outnumbered that of France. The growth, too, seems to upset Lord Salisbury's theory that the Latin races are declining. At all events the generalisation appears to be too sweeping. Two Latin nations, France and Spain, seem to be wasting away, but a third one, Italy, shows unmistakable signs of rejuvenation.

At the Press dinner last Saturday the Lord Chancellor delivered a well-deserved rebuke to the lower fringe of journalism, namely, that part which, as soon as a criminal case becomes public, sends its man as a so-called investigator or private detective. We believe that, taken as a whole, the English newspapers were never in a more wholesome or praiseworthy condition than they are at the present moment. But, unfortunately, along with the improvement of the more respectable

journals there has gone on a steady demoralisation of the prints of the gutter, till they really have come to be not only a nuisance to the ordinary citizen, but a positive danger to anyone who has the misfortune to come under the suspicion of the law. The person who happens to be suspected of a great crime has reason to complain if a number of people, who have no actual knowledge of the case, come forward and raise a great amount of discussion and print statements which are bound to create a prejudice, for or against him, in the minds of the general public, and possibly in the minds of the jurymen who try the case. It might almost be worth while to endeavour to check some of the worst of these abuses by Act of Parliament, and this view seems to have the sympathy of Lord Halsbury.

Our readers will probably derive no common pleasure from the pictures and account we are able to give this week of Hogarth's house at Chiswick. A very strong committee has just been formed for the purpose of arranging for its preservation. Mr. Hayter, the well-known artist, is chairman, and the secretary is Mr. Whitear. It is proposed to purchase the place and keep it as a kind of museum. Several promises of Hogarth prints and relics have already been made, but until the committee see their way to the acquisition of £1,500, which is the estimated expense, they cannot accept them. However, Chiswick is so accessible from every part of London, and a Hogarthian museum would be so welcome, that we have no doubt the artist has sufficient admirers to raise more than the requisite amount.

The improvement that has been wrought in Shamrock II. since her defeat in the Weymouth trial has been very great. On Monday last she proved herself better than the old challenger by 37sec. over a twenty-four-mile course—not an overwhelming difference, it must be admitted. It seems, however, that during the first half of the race, the skipper of Shamrock I. gained an undue advantage over the challenger, when, in cross-tacking, he, on the port tack, failed to give way to his rival on the starboard tack. At this period of the race Shamrock II. was rapidly gaining ground, and by the action of Captain Wringe the advantage that had been gained was lost. Nevertheless, she passed the older vessel in running home before the wind, and since this had always been considered as Shamrock I.'s best point of sailing, the performance must not be underrated. All credit is due to the sailmakers for the challenger's new mainsail, which seems to be a splendid piece of work, and the real cause of her success on Monday. Even greater improvement may now be expected, for this sail had never before been used, and it will set all the better after a few more outings.

A very interesting and attractive account of the Faroe Islands has just been issued by the Foreign Office, according to the report of Mr. Villiers. The beauty of the scenery, the sporting character of the rivers and coasts, the fine air, and the cheap and cleanly accommodation, seem to make the Faroe Islands much like the Earthly Paradise for our summer holidays that we have been looking for, without expectation of finding it, ever since we have known what holidays meant. There is a charm of the foreign country over it all; for the language of those islanders is not our language, and crime is said to be almost unknown amongst them, so, evidently, our ways are not their ways. They live by fishing and the produce of their flocks, eking out these sufficient means of subsistence with the profit from the fowling on the cliffs and the whaling, when a school comes into the bays and can be frightened ashore in the manner that Sir Walter Scott describes vividly in "The Pirate." Altogether a delightful place—*islands of the blessed*, and, we suppose, of the midnight sun, for they lie nearly 200 miles north of the Shetlands. Obviously it requires a journey to reach them. But they sound as if the journey's toil would be repaid.

The weather has been so bright and clear, and the wind so cold withal, that there has been nothing of note in the way of angling records. The rivers have run down very low. It is good hearing that the Thames authorities are going to reduce the numbers of swans still further. It is not only by the destruction of fish ova and so on that these creatures, beloved of poets and painters but detested by the pisciculturist, do so much damage, but also by the destruction of the eggs, larvæ, and perfect forms of the insects and molluscs on which the fish feed. More and more we are coming to the conviction that the size and health of fish are more than aught else a matter of their food supply. All the broad-billed aquatic birds are cruel gluttons of the food that we should like to see turned into an equivalent number of pounds weight of fish, and there are more than enough swans on the Thames to satisfy Dr. Syntax in search of the picturesque.

Accounts from all parts of the country speak of the damage that crops are suffering from the cold days and frosty nights. In the Fen country it is reported that wheat has suffered so badly that many farmers are ploughing up the land again. The setting fruit has suffered. Probably Kentish cherries, so far as the

writer has had the opportunity to observe them, will be all right, but in the Midlands and northward this fruit crop is likely to be a failure by reason of the repeated frosts. Whit-Sunday is the accredited day for the first green gooseberry tart, but this year it will be long after Whitsuntide before our gooseberries will be fit for tart-making. The cherry bloom as a rule has been very fine this year, but plum bloom and apple blossom much less than usual. No doubt there will be local exceptions. One has to speak of the localities which one observes personally and from which reports are gathered. The plum and the apple perhaps exhausted themselves by the wealth of last year's production. Flowering shrubs are backward in the garden, and seem to be making scanty flower, but this, as likely as not, is rather to be put to the account of cold and damp last autumn, which prevented the wood from ripening properly, than to the immediate effects of this cold spring.

It seems a thousand pities that such arrangements could not be made with respect to Professor Gregory's control of the science department of the National Antarctic Expedition as would be mutually agreeable to him and to the Royal Geographical Society. It appears that the society, or its officers, objected to giving Professor Gregory such authority as he deemed requisite, and, after yielding on certain points, he found himself so unable to meet the views still held by a council jointly composed of Fellows of the Royal Geographical and of the Royal Societies that he sent in his resignation. Without entering into the merits of the case, of which we know nothing and cannot presume to judge, it is obvious that the loss of a man of Professor Gregory's knowledge and abilities must be a grave one for the expedition and its prospective scientific results.

The changes lately announced by the National Rifle Association in some of the Bisley competitions will give satisfaction to the public if not to the competitors. We have not the least reason to suppose that they will not be equally satisfactory to the competitors; but the public has ever had a feeling that a more rapid mode of firing than we sometimes see at Bisley is likely to be useful in warfare, for which, after all, Bisley is a preparation. The Duke of Cornwall's Cup is to be competed for under the regulations of the English Twenty Club. Then there is to be the Commander-in-Chief's prize for snap-shooting at 150yds. by battalion teams of ten from any branch of the Service. The first range in the Alexandra is to be shortened from 500yds. to 200yds., and the firing is to be from magazines in one minute, standing or kneeling. The Gregory and the Martins will alike be standing quick-firing competitions at 200yds., and so on. There are various other alterations, but the principle that seems to go through them all is to encourage greater rapidity of aim and firing, and no doubt this must commend itself to the public as being likely to be of the utmost service in time of war.

It appears to be virtually settled that a joint team of Oxford and Cambridge athletes shall cross the Atlantic to try their prowess with representatives of Harvard and of Yale. At the same time we regret to hear that the M.C.C. does not see its way to getting together anything like a representative team of cricketers to go to Australia next winter; but, failing that, there is interest in the announcement that Mr. Wardill is in communication with Mr. A. C. Maclaren, and that the latter expects to be able to get together a good side to go out. All these interchanges and sporting rivalries between different parts of the Empire and different branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, tend to promote that unity of the peoples who are in blood-relationship which all their right-thinking members desire.

From time to time cases are brought to light of "lost" letters reappearing, and an instance of this kind has now to be recorded. The letter in question was posted in Mount Street, W., in November, 1885, addressed to Sir Gilbert Campbell, Donegal, Ireland. Until the beginning of this week nothing more was heard of it. Now it has been returned "On His Majesty's Service" to the senders, a business firm. It appears that Sir Gilbert Campbell died in 1893, and the writer about the same time, the business descending to his son, and subsequently to his grandson. The journey of the missive lasted, therefore, fifteen years and a-half. It would be curious to know where the letter passed this space of time. It may be presumed that the Post Office authorities have a clue to the mystery, since it must have been one of their servants who found the letter. "Experts," remarks a daily paper, "suppose this to be a 'record,' though who keeps a record of such 'records' it is difficult to conceive.

They say that threatened men live long, but this may not be the case with ancient buildings, for it really seems as if the Great Northern Railway Company would at last put into execution the scheme, which it has long entertained, of pulling down the station-master's house at Bourne in Lincolnshire. This is the old

Red Hall, where, rumour hath it, the Gunpowder Plot was hatched three centuries ago, though other localities are equally earnest in their claims to notoriety on this head, and with an equal lack of evidence. As a matter of fact, this historic house would have disappeared long since but for the earnest representations of the residents in the neighbourhood. Presumably the site of the building is wanted for the widening of the railway, and as the cost of such a proceeding is hardly likely to be insignificant, the Railway Company can scarcely be blamed for not sparing this "fragment of history."

It is with a chastened pleasure that we hear of a proposal to erect some kind of memorial to the late Mr. Blackmore in Exeter Cathedral. He was certainly most worthy of such a tribute—a man of the sweetest personal charm, and a fine and healthy writer. But modern cathedral monuments are not as a rule very successful. For instance, in Salisbury they have set up a statue to another man of letters, in the person of Richard Jefferies, but somehow it is not in keeping with the building, in which it looks insignificant. Yet it would never do to encourage any very ambitious design, because modern ideas do not fit in well with ancient architecture. Perhaps the suggestion made by Mr. Marston offers the best escape from the difficulty. It is to set up a simple tablet recording the date of Mr. Blackmore's birth and death. There does not seem to be any good ground for objecting to this. It would not cost much, and the surplus of what was collected might very well go to the Authors' Benevolent Fund.

Consular reports are often of great length and exceeding dullness, and it is, as a general rule, only the entertaining paragraphs interspersed throughout them that find their way to notice in the newspapers. Such a one is contained in the report of our vice-consul at Boulogne, who notices a curious case—as he calls it—of "topsy-turveydom" at that port. "Several steamers for the local fishing fleet have been purchased this year in the United Kingdom, the local building yard having been occupied since March, 1900, in the construction of a 1,000-ton steamer for a London firm." British-built vessels are proverbially to be encountered all the world over, but French-built British ships must be very scarce. "An impression prevails locally," adds the writer of the report in question, "that this is but the second steamer built in France to British order."

It appears that the masculine conspirators who assembled to combine against the drunken wife have touched a more widely-spread sentiment than they expected. They held another and more largely attended meeting the other Sunday, at which it was stated that new adherents were flocking to them, and sympathetic letters were read from men of standing and prominence. Among the writers were Lord Alverstone. Under these circumstances the association is widening its scope, to include not only drunken, but tyrannical wives. This latter suggests that the combination might be called The Union of Henpecked Husbands. After so many years of grovelling submission—that is the proper phrase, is it not?—how nice it is to see poor down-trodden man asserting his rights once more!

ENGLISH & CONTINENTAL GARDENS.

TO anyone interested in gardening it is instructive to notice the differences between the tastes and methods of other countries and those of our own. When I was in France a few months ago, I remarked a great many points of difference between French gardens and English ones. On the whole, the large gardens that I saw (including public pleasure grounds) cannot be compared, as far as the culture of flowers is concerned, to ours. Bedding out, in its most aggravated form, still holds the field, and there appears to be no attempt at any improvement in the direction of picturesque planting or harmonious colour arrangement, nor did I see such a thing as a herbaceous border anywhere. The general revival of taste and of interest in gardening, which is so marked in England as to have become almost a fashionable craze, is not visible to the eye of the traveller in France. We may congratulate ourselves that at the present time we are not likely to see, even in our least progressive gardens, such a combination of scarlet salvias, magenta geraniums and mauve ageratums as smote my eye in an exquisitely-kept public park near Paris.

At the other end of the scale the beautiful old cottage gardens that are still fairly common in rural England, practically do not exist in France, though the villages themselves are in some parts, Touraine for instance, very picturesque with their old grey houses and steep tile roofs. They are very fond of grouping their buildings so as to form three sides of a court, while on the fourth side a high wall with a handsome gateway divides the enclosure from the road. This arrangement is in itself charming, and productive of all manner of delightful effects, especially as scarcely a building is without that most beautiful of decorative "creepers"—a vine.

But of flower gardens, properly so called, I saw none

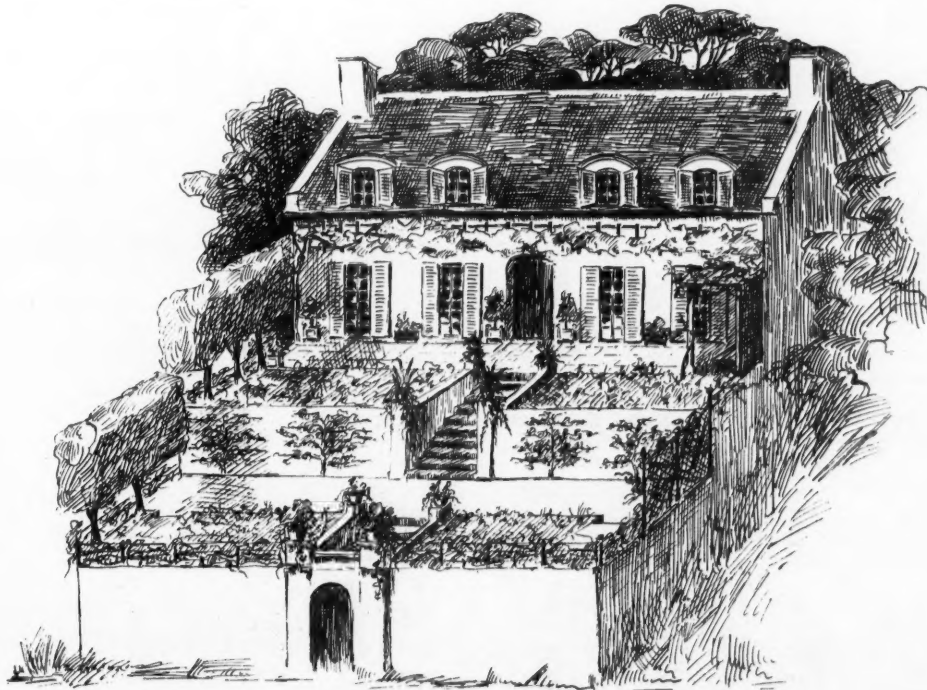
belonging to the poorer class of houses. A few pots of geraniums, fuchsias, or cactus on the window-sill, a self-sown patch of marigold or mignonette struggling for existence in a corner of the cabbage garden, seems as much as the French farmer or peasant can achieve; and there was little evidence of the pride in neat and pretty surroundings that nearly always characterises English cottagers. It is not till one comes to the town and suburban gardens that one finds anything which might with advantage be studied and imitated in England. Probably few will be found to deny that, generally speaking, our suburbs are both ugly and vulgar. This is not only true of London, but

of all our towns both small and big. Of course a great deal of the ugliness is due to the peculiarly tasteless styles of building (if styles they can be called) adopted by our suburban architects. In France the simple plastered and white-washed square or oblong house, with its green Venetian shutters, is almost universal and by no means ugly; though, sad to say, atrocious imitations of English "Carpenter's Gothic" villas are beginning to find favour in some places.

French town gardens differ as greatly from ours as do the

buildings. To begin with, they do not attempt too much. They do not, for instance, make a winding carriage "sweep" through a plot a few yards square, nor try to make "park-like grounds" out of a small oblong. They recognise that for a piece of ground bounded by walls or houses, and usually rectangular, formal treatment of a simple but dignified character gives the most satisfactory results, and we see terraced and paved walks, pergola and pleached alley taking the place of our dank mixed shrubbery and wretched plot of grass, which is rarely large enough to be of any use for games, or well-kept enough to be ornamental.

In France the bit of ground between the house and the road



A SUBURBAN HILLSIDE GARDEN.

is often treated as a kind of forecourt, that is, paved either wholly or partially, and ornamented with handsome flowering shrubs in tubs or pots. The gateway is usually a striking feature, with its tall pillars wreathed in vine or jasmine, and I have seen many a French roadside villa with an entrance which in England would be considered good enough for a big country house. Indeed, the lavish use of really handsome masonry in the small continental gardens is in marked contrast to our mean fences and boundary walls, which we try to hide with scrubby laurel or privet. No doubt labour is cheaper abroad, and the walls are mostly of plastered rubble, but their effect is excellent.

My first illustration shows a remarkably ingenious plan of laying out quite a small garden on a steep slope, by which every inch of ground is utilised and a wonderful amount of variety achieved in a limited space. The drawing explains the plan better than a written description would do, but it may be remarked that the principal wall of the sunk walk between the two terraces is available for flowering creepers or fruit trees, while the successive flights of steps lend themselves to decorative arrangements of pots, and, finally, the trellis of vines effectively screens the garden.

It will at once be said, "How costly all that walling and terracing must be; no builder of villas in an English suburb would go to such an expense." Quite true, but "pity 'tis 'tis true." For by means of the terraces and walls we get a charming little garden full of interest and enjoyment, while without them there is merely an arid slope on which nothing will grow. Everyone will be able to call to mind plenty of such dry banks in England, covered with an apology for turf, and with a few unhappy flower-beds looking as though they must slide bodily down hill.

Probably the initial expense, even in this country, of treating a very small bit of ground in the way illustrated would not add to the rent more than most people would be willing to pay, in view of the increased amenity and attractiveness of a garden so laid out. If, however, the garden is flat, it would naturally be a much less expensive affair to lay it out in the formal style; in fact, there is no reason why it should cost more than the style now usually adopted.

My second illustration (a bird's-eye view taken from the walls of a high chateau) shows an excellent way of treating a mere strip, which I judged to be about 30yds. long by 10yds. or 11yds. wide. On the left hand, going towards the house, were the high walls of other buildings. On these were trained vines and fruit trees, while a flower border 3ft. or 4ft. wide ran under them along the whole length. Next to the flower border came a brick path about 15ft. wide, and the remaining space of 15ft. was occupied by a pleached alley of small limes, the outer row of them being planted close against the boundary wall. This wall was not more than 7ft. high, and the trimmed tree tops just gave the extra height required to screen the garden from

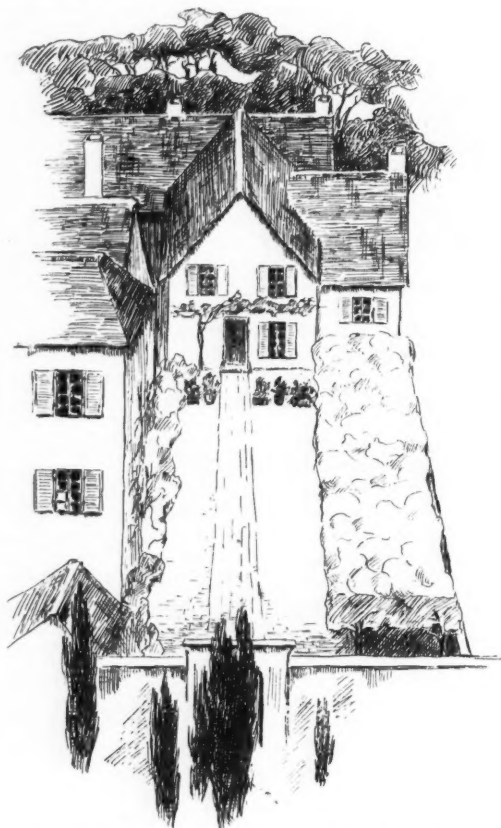
the next piece of ground. By this clever arrangement the owners of the tiny strip were able to enjoy many of the advantages of a much larger garden. They had a fine sunny fruit wall, and a considerable length of bright flower border, a beautifully dry and cheerful "quarter-deck" walk for winter, and an equally nice shady and cool one for summer, while the little space immediately in front of the door was made into an inviting sitting-out place by the use of boxes and pots full of flowering plants, which were grouped so as partly to shut it off from the rest of the strip. Ingenuity could hardly go further than in the planning of this little garden, and with the exception of the paved path there was nothing that even a cottage might not have afforded, and this, though more expensive than gravel to begin with, would eventually pay for the extra outlay by requiring no keeping up.

My third illustration shows, strictly speaking, a courtyard rather than a garden. Passing along the street in which the house lay, one saw nothing but high walls, and it was only on mounting to the ramparts of the chateau which dominated the town that one became aware of this hidden bower of greenery and of many others like it. When I happened to look down at it the family—Monsieur, Madame, et Bébé—and a white-capped "bonne" were enjoying their newspapers and coffee (or the equivalents) on the raised platform shown, and very pleasant it looked to be sitting out among the flowers in the heart of a town.

The steady downward progression in the scale of the gardens chosen to illustrate my remarks will have been noticed. I started with one of quite a respectable size—an eighth of an acre or more—and I now come to a terrace not more than 20ft. square, which forms the subject of the last picture. For two months one spring I looked with envy and delight at this "sunny spot of greenery" set in the midst of a big town, I at that time possessing no more garden than could be accommodated on two window-sills. The happy owners almost lived on their little terrace. They took most of their meals there, and after breakfast we used to see the bath water brought out in cans and bestowed on the plants. The rose trained on the rough wire trellis overhead was a *Maréchal Niel*, and in that climate it was a mass of bloom by the end of April.

It is unnecessary to enlarge more on my subject. I hope I have succeeded in showing that the tiniest plot, down to a few square yards of brick terrace, can be made as enjoyable in its way as the lordliest domain. Perhaps more so, for the element of personal interest is certainly stronger in a small garden than in a large one, where much must necessarily remain in the hands of regular gardeners. In fact, I sometimes wonder whether the owners

of those splendid gardens illustrated in *COUNTRY LIFE* can possibly enjoy their immense possessions quite as keenly and in such intimate detail as the owners of the little town gardens I have described, and whether they do not feel like strayed ants



A NARROW STRIP OF GARDEN.



A COURTYARD GARDEN.

when wandering over their acres of terraces and lawns. At least the people I saw in my little gardens did not look out of scale with their surroundings, as poor human beings must do when set down at a Badminton or a Chatsworth.

J. C. C.

Our . . . Frontispiece.

ON our front page this week is a portrait of Her Grace the Duchess of Beaufort, with two of her children, the Lady Diana Somerset (born in 1898), and the Marquess of Worcester, who is little more than a year old. Her Grace, who was married to the ninth Duke in 1895, is a daughter of William Harford, Esq., of Oldown, Tockington, and is the widow of Baron Carlo de Tuyll. The Duke of Beaufort, who is Hereditary Keeper of Raglan Castle, was for a short time in the Royal Horse Guards, and now commands the Gloucestershire Yeomanry. His Grace was formerly an A.D.C. to Queen Victoria, and is D.L. for Breconshire and D.L. and J.P. for the counties of Gloucestershire and Monmouth. The country seat of the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort is Badminton House, Chippenham.

The Late Duchess of Cleveland.

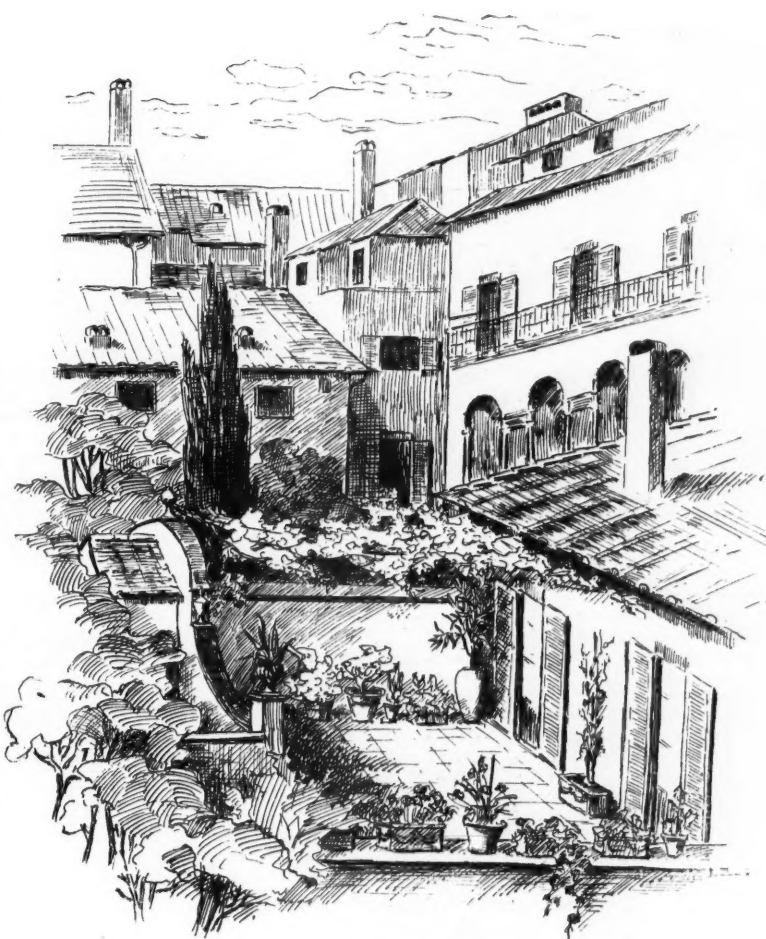
QUEEN VICTORIA'S early friends, or such as survived her, must, in the nature of things, shrink quickly now,



Elliott & Fry.

A NOTABLE LADY.

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A CITY GARDEN.

and the circle is narrowed by the death of Lord Rosebery's mother, the Duchess of Cleveland, which occurred on Saturday last at Wiesbaden. She had reached the advanced age of eighty-two, and quite recently had an operation performed on her eyes. As Lady Lucy Wilhelmina Stanhope, she acted as a train-bearer at Queen Victoria's coronation, and again at the Royal bridal. She was twice married, Lord Rosebery being the offspring of the first union, and her second husband was Lord Harry Vane, who afterwards became third Duke of Cleveland, and for thirty years enjoyed the title. It was probably from his mother that Lord Rosebery inherited his fine turn for literature. She had a cultivated mind, and, what was better, a very kind heart that always had help and compassion for the obscure, the poverty-stricken, and the suffering.

ON THE GREEN.

THERE was so much to say last week about amateur championships and so on, that there was no time, if one were in the North, even to have a glance at what was going on at Richmond with the sixteen invited professionals, Vardons, Taylor, Braid, Herd, Kirkaldy—in fact, all the talent.

It must have been a meeting well worth going to see, if only for the sake of seeing how Harry Vardon manages to do what he does. The greens seem to have bothered a good many of the competitors, who appear to have found trouble in getting the putts up to the hole. But they do not seem to have presented the least difficulty to Harry Vardon, to whom, perhaps, all changes and chances come equal after his American experiences. Not that this is to be taken in any sense as a reflection on the Richmond greens, which always are and have been exceedingly good.

It was a disappointment to us at St. Andrews that Andrew Kirkaldy did not do better, for he had been playing very fine golf up there. However, the scoring game never seems to suit him, and, after all, it is very difficult work on even the best inland green and on St. Andrews. In any case, he failed to "qualify" among the first eight. Taylor qualified, and on his home green he might have been expected to do better. But he was not in his best form, as the uneven quality of the play in his match with Tom Vardon showed very clearly. Braid, the only man at all capable of giving Vardon (that is to say, the great Harry) anything like a fight, was not in his best driving form. Braid is a glorious driver as to length, but he is not always glorious in direction, and once or twice in the game with Vardon he seems to have been gloriously crooked. The conclusion of the thing—two Vardons in the final—was a notable triumph for the island of Jersey. Tom never seems to have looked like making a fight of it with his stronger brother. The latter won as he liked, with a prospect of breaking the record in his last round; but he spoilt it in the two last holes of the bye.

It is hard to see how Vardon is to be beaten for the Open Championship; but queer things do happen. He has, however, no weak spot in his game, and he has some very strong ones in his length of tee shots and splendid seconds.

The legislators have declined to pass the Bill that Sir Joseph Dimsdale brought in to limit the length of speeches to twenty minutes—always excepting the case of Cabinet Ministers and scratch players of that kind; but for the last two years they have limited the duration of their Parliamentary Tournament by a qualifying Bogey competition in which the first sixteen only are permitted to go on to the tournament matches. Mr. Eric Hambro played in championship form at Deal, where the preliminary canter took place, and Bogey had no advantage over him. He headed the list. Notable among those whom the preliminary trial disposed of were Mr. A. J. Balfour and Mr. A. J. Roarson, of whom the latter won the tournament last year, although he only tied for the sixteenth place in the qualifying Bogey play to start with. Sir William Houldsworth, we see, has already been knocked out in the first tournament round by Mr. Howe Brown.

Scotland, we were saying, had done none too well in the championships, but she has had her turn in the championship of the ladies, wherein Miss Graham, beating the Irish Miss Adair on the Welsh links of Aberdovey—a pleasing confusion of nationalities—put that championship to Scotland's credit; for though Miss Graham, like her brother, who was in the semi-final heat for the amateur championship, learnt her golf in that very excellent school of Hoylake, still they are of a Scottish family truly enough—a fact that was rather overlooked

in some of the notices that said there were three Englishmen to one Scotsman in those semi-finals at St. Andrews. Miss Graham seems to have beaten Miss Adair quite comfortably, though it was at the nineteenth hole only that she defeated Mrs. Stanley Stubbs in the semi-final. However, all this talk about rival nationalities is always to be regarded as the merest chaff. There is no feeling about it. To suppose that there should be is to suppose that golf is something quite different from what it is, namely, a game, and the best of games. It is not business, neither is it war.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

ON THE . . . THEORY AND PRACTICE OF GROUND BAITING

IN all kinds of fishing except the higher branches of fly-fishing and spinning the theory of groundbaiting is in universal favour. Naturally its uses apply almost entirely to inland waters, as, although there is a tendency to adapt it judiciously to isolated cases in sea fishing, it is clearly not at its best there. In the first place, the sea is a very vast "swim" to bait; the tides and currents, which in more gentle measure would assist the groundbait in its work, are too often strong and uncertain in their direction. Moreover, the sea is full of "undesirables," such as sharks, dog-fish, and chad (the young of the sea-bream), which are as likely to be attracted by such invitation as the more valuable sporting fishes. Lastly, the conditions of life in the sea are so far distinct from those which we have good reason to believe obtain in rivers, for the vast majority of sea fish are continually on the move, seeking out fresh feeding grounds and thereby coming in contact with the baited hooks. In the case of such as remain stationary, the conger and pollack on the rocky grounds, and the plaice and dab on the sand, the fishermen, professionals and amateurs, know their whereabouts by what are known as "marks," and anchor their boats over their haunts. Here, obviously, groundbait is superfluous, though I am still of opinion that its employment might with advantage be more generally applied in the case of angling for grey mullet in partially enclosed waters.

Now the correct principle of profitable groundbaiting must undoubtedly have for its object the gathering of many fish from a distance, not the glutting of the few fish already in the neighbourhood. The quantity, then, should be limited, and the conditions under which it is used should include at least sufficient tide or current to distribute it in the river. To some extent, probably, any oily substance would, given time, spread over a large surface of water, even in the absence of current, but the angler has not always an indefinite time to await results, and a little current is therefore highly desirable to carry his message to distant fish and apprise them of the good cheer that awaits them on the hook. This consideration also suggests a word as to the nature of the substance best suited for the work. Two qualifications, either alone or in combination, plainly suggest themselves—brightness and oiliness. As an instance of a groundbait possessing the first of these, I would suggest the bullocks' brains commonly used in winter chub fishing (with pith for the hook bait), while the crushed herring used by some sea-anglers, or the linseed cake

favoured by experts in pursuit of bream, illustrates the second category. It was always enjoined in the old angling books that the groundbait should approximate that used for the hook, but it should at the same time always be of inferior quality. In obedience to this injunction, common yellow carrion-gentles were commonly used for groundbaiting purposes, while only the finest and whitest liver-gentles were presented on the hook. This was a very delicate concession to the reasoning powers and good taste of the fish, and doubtless there is a measure of wisdom in the advice.

The actual groundbaits in use among fresh-water fishermen make a formidable list. Boiled wheat and sweet grains for roach; linseed cake and *sour* (!) grains for bream; -pearl barley and potatoes for carp; the famous clayballing method for barbel—Walton says you cannot use too much groundbait for barbel, but that may, with respect, be questioned; and a number of other substances, animal, vegetable, and mineral, are recommended by a single authority on Thames fishing. In the sea I have used, with greater or less success, pounded crabs and mussels, chopped lugworms, and a miscellany of such oily fish as mackerel, herring, and pilchard. Cornish line fishermen generally fling overboard the heads and bones of the pilchards in the bait bucket, and they regard as particularly attractive the large scales scraped from the pilchard before it is cut up for bait. So much faith do they put in this, indeed, that when the presence is suspected of either sharks or chad, the two curses of fishermen in those waters, they would far rather eat the scales (and certainly far rather would they sit in them) than throw one over the side.

The method of presenting the groundbait to the fish necessarily varies according to circumstances. The simplest manner is that adopted in the aforementioned "clayballing," in which fragments of chopped lobworms are merely enclosed in balls of clay (sometimes incorporated with bran) and flung into the stream, either overnight or just before putting the rod together. The Spaniards and Italians have a more picturesque, and quite as successful, way. They simply take the bait in their mouth, chew it for some moments, and then spit it round the float. The Australians are about the most fussy groundbaiters I know, and their "berley," particularly used in black bream fishing, takes hours to compound and may be smelt at a distance of miles. Very few really ingenious mechanical devices for groundbaiting have been evolved from the angling brain. London makers supply a kind of pyramidal belljar of metal, which is lowered by a cord and allows the bait to ooze through perforations in the pointed end, and the Norwegians have a rather more scientific attachment to their lines, by the use of which the groundbait is showered round the hooks as soon as the lead touches the bottom. This is used in their fjords. The most questionable situation for groundbaiting is in a much-fished river like the Thames or Lea, for constant disputes are certain to arise when a swim has been baited the night before, conveying a presumptive and prescriptive right to the swim for the following day. This view, however, does not invariably appeal to some angler who has journeyed early from a distance and is having good sport with the bream or barbel before the owner of the groundbait arrives on the scene. He is told that the fish would not be biting in that spot unless it had been baited with 10,000 worms and at an expense of several sovereigns. If he is polite, he argues the point and seeks his adversary's *bona fides*. If he is not polite, he cares neither for argument nor *bona fides*. He may descend to personalities, and the rest then depends on the owner of the bait. In any case, so many distressing disputes have arisen on the Thames from this cause that it would be well if the extensive practice of groundbaiting could by common consent be restricted to less popular waters.

F. G. AFLALO.

EPPING FOREST: II.—BIRDS.

FOR some years past it has been extremely interesting to note how, under the conditions that prevail in Epping Forest, some species of birds increase and others without any apparent reason dwindle. When I first used to visit it there

were far more birds of prey. Any day the pretty kestrel was to have been seen there or in the vicinity, climbing the air above Chingford Plain or hovering above the Hackney Marshes, while seldom indeed did one hear at night the wood-owl's long twoo-whoo. Now, the kestrel has become rare, but on moonlit nights last autumn the owl's hoot was as common and familiar as the belling of the deer. Round the edges of the Forest the shining black and white of the magpie's plumage was seldom looked for in vain, and for months past I have only seen one. A pair or two breed near Loughton, and Mr. Buxton generally has a nest in his grounds, but seldom do the birds stray. Yet the jay, which eats the same food and has many of the same habits as the magpie, multiplies so vigorously that it is one of the few creatures that have to be regularly shot down—a harsh fate, but necessary on

account of its egg-eating propensities. Its croak and blue feathers lend character to the woodland, and as it loves to nest in impenetrable thicket, where it is safe from the birds'-nesting boy, the annual slaughter produces no visible diminution



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

YOUNG BLACKBIRDS.

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of its numbers. One reason why the magpie does not prosper so greatly is that it takes little trouble to conceal its nest, but builds its domed house in full view. Whatever is conspicuous in Epping Forest is in danger, for all the vigilance of the keepers and all the Protection Acts that ever were passed are not enough to terrorise the urchins who roam this open woodland. On the water a similar state of things has to be noted. Of old the coot bred and lived all summer in Higham's Lake, Wanstead Lake, and Connaught Water, but of recent years it has surrendered these entirely to the ever-increasing moorhens. Why this should be so it is difficult to say. The very same thing has occurred on certain rivers and ponds familiar to me on the Borders, but, on the other hand, a Yorkshire contributor to COUNTRY LIFE—Mr. Oxley Grabham—records an occurrence of an exactly opposite



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BLUE TITS.

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sad it is only because you listen to him most on those nights in early summer when a fair young moon rides among the stars and glances on the still water and casts long interlacing shadows from the trees, and if you are young you are sentimental, and if old memory colours it all. In Epping Forest in the evening after a Bank Holiday there is something absurd in the medley of sounds—'Arry and 'Arriet, half tipsy, chanting the latest music-hall doggerel, horns blown from home-going waggonettes, pipes and concertinas and hurdy-gurdies sounding from a distance, oaths here and laughter there, and all the while in the bush beside, a passionate minstrel, deaf to all that human din, careless and fearless, pours out a fervent entreaty to his mistress.

A bird that has enormously increased of recent years, and whose song or cry stands out as something entirely different from that of any other in the forest, is the yaffle, or green wood-pecker. He was not one of the feathered folk I made acquaintance with in youth, and at first the bold loud yell of his coming from a tree-top had a startling effect; it seemed like a burst of laughter, but the laughter of a mad thing or a demon. But it was pleasant to find out how beautiful he was, with his black face and crimson crown, his green and yellow body. He is shy and wary in his habits, and his nest is difficult to get at. With his strong bill he chisels out a round hole in the trunk of a tree that



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NIGHTINGALE'S NEST.

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character in that county. The lively talkative jackdaw is certainly not decaying elsewhere in England, but it affects this neighbourhood very little, while every year the rookeries grow in extent. It is a thousand pities that means are not adopted to thin down the rookery at Wanstead, as it threatens to interfere with the heronry.

During the last decade Epping Forest has grown much richer in birds, thanks to the expulsion of snarers and the growth of under-wood. Legend says that Edward the Confessor was so much disturbed in his holy meditations by the nightingales that solemnly he banished them from its precincts with bell, book, and candle; but if that be true, the sentence has been revoked. During the latter part of April and throughout May the glades, particularly where thorn and rose thickets exist, resound with their "most musical, most melancholy" song. Not that I lay stress on the melancholy. Philomel chants of love and desire, and if you think him



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A LOVING COUPLE (BULLFINCHES).

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by some instinct he knows to be rotten and hollow inside, then dives down till he comes to solid wood, and there the eggs are laid. In a private park where ladders and joiners' tools are available, the collector, by punching out an aperture a foot or two below the entrance, may rifle the yaffle's home; but he goes to and fro in the Forest undisturbed, such proceedings not being permitted. There is not a more faithful parent. I once spent several hours chipping an entrance to his citadel, and though the bird often thrust out his long bill and black and crimson head, he did not fly away till the very last. The wood-pecker thrives amid decay because it is favourable to insect-life, and in a forest that contains so many rotting pollards he finds abundance of food. Where a new nest has been made, the chips that have fallen to the tree root easily reveal the fact. Of the other wood-peckers the great spotted may often be heard tapping, and the lesser spotted has occurred a few times.

It is not the rare but the common birds that lend character to the woodland. During autumn, for instance, when leaves are discolouring, there are sunny days when the air is musical with the robin's thin sweet piping. He is not cunning in his nesting or any other habit, and often if you sit in a sequestered spot one will hop out, and with a glance of his bold eye seem to say he would alight on your boot if he thought a crumb was there.

The commoner tits, too, revel among the crumbling and hollow pollards that harbour insects for them. Five species are found. In a not very musical see-saw the great tit courts his mistress in spring, and all the year he swaggers about like a tiny lord swearing and scolding at all intruders; and the smaller blue one, whose colours grow so bright in spring, in a small way imitates his big brother. The long-tailed or bottle titmouse is gentler in its habits, and for most of the year goes about in families, flying

road, and does not mind an outlook on an open space. The cole-titmouse and the marsh-titmouse are also fairly common, and the family is as pleasant as any that dwells in the wood. How much less self-assertive than the fiery tit is the brown unobtrusive wren, creeping over the dead leaves like a mouse, or flitting from bush to bush with cocked tail and quick short wings.



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THE HOME OF THE WOOD-PIGEON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

There are several kinds in the Forest, and the beautiful golden crest is quite common, while the willow-wren's song is one of the pleasantest that April brings from over-sea. Later comes the wood-wren, a dweller among tall trees.

There is no bird I like better to see than the bullfinch, which not only has bright attractive colours but a bold frank manner. Its numerous accomplishments do not save it from paying the penalty of evil deeds in the garden, but here no one harms it, and one is glad to know that it is prospering. One of the prettiest sights is to watch a pair on a winter afternoon hunting a hedgerow or a series of thickets, ever calling softly to one another, as rambling schoolboys whistle and shout to keep in touch with their comrades. The bullfinch makes an affectionate pet, and even when wild you may notice his loving faithful ways to his wife and family. I have sometimes thought it almost pathetic to watch them go to roost together in a lonely bare thorn bush, the last dim flare of a winter sunset adding a touch of dreariness to the scene. From a strictly ornithological point the hawfinch is even more interesting, because, rare elsewhere, it is very happy and thriving here among the pollard hornbeams. The hawfinch is difficult to observe, because of its shy and retiring habits, though its peculiar shrill call is one of the most familiar. Like many other birds of retiring character, its most characteristic trait is forgotten in building, and the nest is



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.H.

A PAIR OF MAGPIES.

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softly from thicket to thicket, and not at all averse to being looked at. Its early and beautiful nest, usually built of moss and stuck openly among the bare twigs before the foliage has come, is very easily discovered. Like a great many of its companions, this bird cares less for the depths of the forest than for the margins. It loves to nest in the undergrowth close by a green ride or hard

put together very carelessly, and placed as often as not in a very conspicuous position, with the result that it stands an excellent chance of being plundered. Among rare birds elsewhere but not infrequently to be seen here, the kingfisher must be numbered. Often I have caught the flash of its blue feathers in Higham's Park, and one year I found a nest on a bank of

the River Roding, close to Wanstead Park. It suffers from being so much a prize of the bird-stuffer, but of course the use of guns is prohibited within the boundaries of the Forest.

About Wanstead, too, the pretty goldfinch is often to be seen—it is one of those that have indubitably benefited by the protection now accorded to wild birds. It is difficult in one brief article even to mention all the other birds commonly found about the Forest, such as the redwings and fieldfares that live in flocks here during winter, the cuckoo and its companion the wryneck, the tree-creeper, that all summer may be seen running up the tree-trunks like a brown rat, the redstarts and the various warblers, the clouds of starlings, and innumerable blackbirds and thrushes. No other town has so great a wealth of wild life at its very door as has the East End of London, and private owners of property adjacent to the Forest deserve also a full share of praise for their co-operation. After all, untamed creatures cannot be caged up and confined within one slip of territory, and, as the Forest does not lie in a compact mass, but is elongated in shape and at places very narrow, there are few birds that do not occasionally stray to neighbouring farms and gardens. There, too, however, their lives are respected



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A FOREST BROOK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and protected; and thus it is that a street urchin of White-chapel, if he have a few coppers to pay his fare, or, failing that, the sturdiness to walk, has a better opportunity of observing wild life than is enjoyed by the inhabitants of many a remote village.

P. A. G.

OLD BEDFORDSHIRE LACEMAKERS.

WHEN, and by whom, pillow-lacemaking was introduced into the English Midlands is uncertain. The industry was certainly well-established in the villages of Bedfordshire and several adjacent counties early in the sixteenth century. Some say it was introduced by the Flemings, who are also credited with the invention of the lace pillow. When Catherine of Aragon was living at Ampthill Castle, Bedfordshire, in the years 1531-33, awaiting the result of her trial then in progress at Dunstable, she is said to have made herself beloved by the countrywomen,

and local tradition associates her with the lacemaking that has ever since been carried on there. Catherine, as well as her mother Isabella, was an accomplished needle-woman, and if she did not actually introduce the lace industry into Ampthill, she may well have taught the lacemakers those distinctively Spanish characteristics that have been noticed in the lace patterns of that neighbourhood. St. Catherine's Day is—or, rather, was—the lacemaker's

feast, and some would connect the fact with Queen Catherine's patronage of the Ampthill lacemakers. "Cattern" (or Catherine) cakes are still remembered, and the recipe is preserved; as is also the case with the "Zandra" cakes that take their name from St. Andrew, another patron saint of the art. The English pillow-lace industry has been well-nigh extinguished, partly by the competition of cheaper machine-made laces; but it is by no means

certain that it will not enjoy the revival which it deserves. In the days when every Bedfordshire and Buckinghamshire village had its lace schools, in which both boys and girls were taught the art almost as soon as they could walk to school, the villagers could make good work in Venetian, Honiton, Brussels point, Valenciennes, and Mechlin patterns, and so successful were the Bedfordshire lacemakers in their imitations, that it required an expert's eye to distinguish their Valenciennes and Mechlin laces from native work. Good work is still produced, and more might be if the industry were judiciously encouraged.

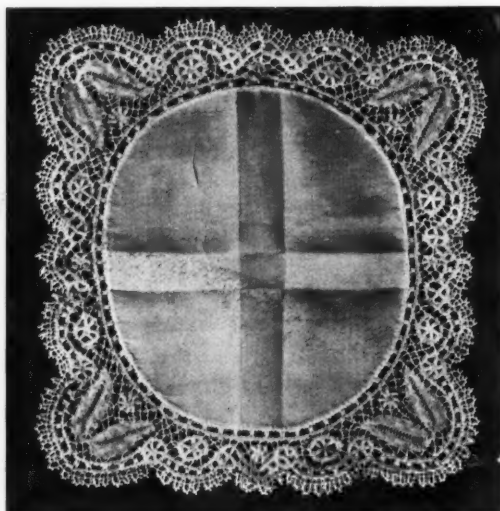


Copyright MOTHER AND DAUGHTER. C.L.



D. Lindley. LACEMAKER AT WORK. Copyright

Our illustrations give portraits of several of the older lacemakers. The group of two women is specially interesting on account of the age of the still vigorous couple. The old woman who is sitting with her pillow in her lap, is smiling at a world which she has known for a hundred years. She still makes lace, without the aid of spectacles, on the pillow before her; and so great is the demand for the lace made by a woman in her hundredth year, that she generally has more orders than she can meet. Her name is Nancy Berrington, and she lives at Cardington—the village that belonged, and owes so much, to John Howard the philanthropist. She is still hale and hearty, and only some three years ago, when in Bedford one day, she grew tired of waiting for "the dawdling carrier" and walked home quite comfortably, a distance of more than three miles. The woman standing by her side is her "young" daughter of eighty, who is also an accomplished lacemaker, making more elaborate laces than her mother's. Old Nancy Berrington and her descendants—many of whom are in America—make up among them no less than five generations. In the above-mentioned picture the women were photographed at their own cottage door. The

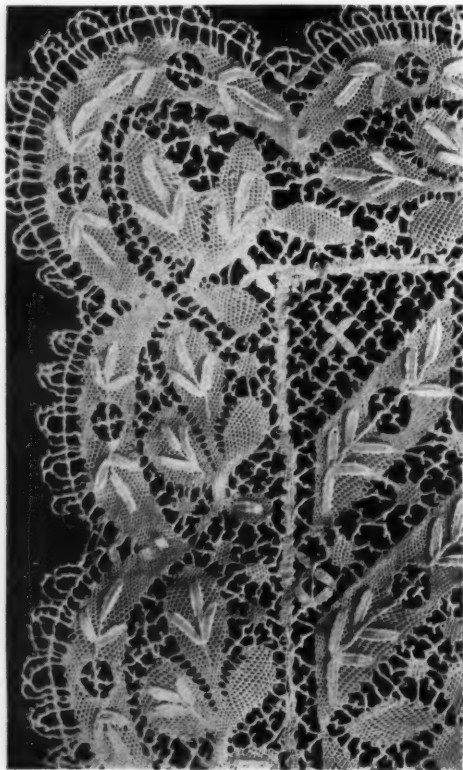


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LACE KERCHIEF.

"C.L."

visitor to our Bedfordshire villages may still see, in summer weather, women busy with their pillows and their bobbins, either inside or just outside of their open doors. The woman in bonnet and shawl is a well-known lacemaker of Bedford, and the daughter of a lacemaker. The picture shows the ancient mode of throwing the concentrated light of a candle upon the part of the pattern on which the lacemaker is at work. A globular flask is filled with water, and the rays of the candle are thus brought to a focus.



Blake & Edgar. A BED-SPREAD.

Copyright

We give a few specimens of the lace that is now made in Bedfordshire. One is a corner of a very handsome bed-spread made expressly as a wedding present to a young lady very highly esteemed in the county. The handkerchief, collar, and cuffs are good specimens of the kind of work sent out from Elstow—the village in which Bunyan was born. The small piece of work was cut from the lace that is faintly to be seen on old Nancy Berrington's pillow.

A FALCON'S STOOP.

YOUNG falcons just taken up from hack have had no necessity for acquiring and using the peculiar and well-known "stoop" (loved by falconers in all lands and ages) of their wild-bred relatives. The

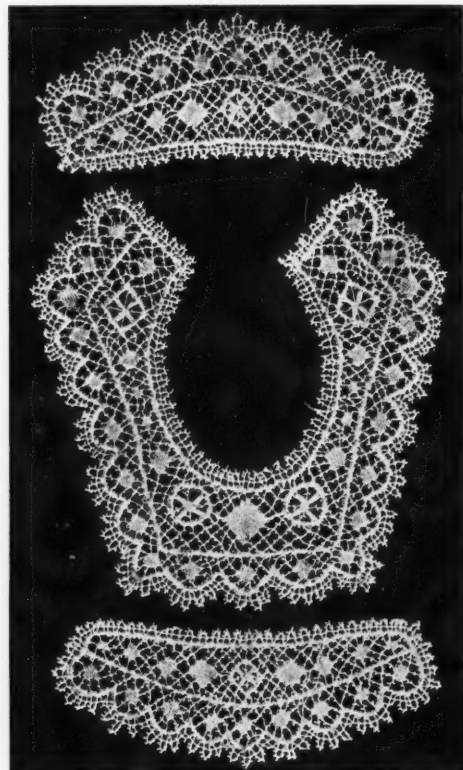
latter have had no hack-board and no daily meal provided thereon, but have been sedulously taught by their parents exactly how to act. I have seen scores of the former sort (eyesses they are called), and many never become worth keeping, even the best being very far inferior to the wild-caught passage hawk. I have one in particular in my mind's eye, which came to me with others—little shapeless balls of pale yellow down. They could, of course, have known nothing of their wild parents, and had to depend on man's hand from this very early period of existence for the food they needed. Such hawks often become detestable screamers—to be avoided. Two of this lot were brought up, hacked, and trained. And a month of entire liberty at hack, and specially to be lost for a month and safely recovered, works wonders. The one of them was a very promising young bird, and undoubtedly possessed extraordinary speed; but for

a long time, having never seen her wild parents stoop or been made to practise it over and over again by these stern tutors, her method of stooping, and from a great height too, was to hurl herself down on the flying quarry without any, or but very little, motion of her wings at all. I am convinced that she fell down feet foremost like a round ball for the whole of her stoop. I also remarked that in spite of her speed it took her a much longer time to reach her quarry than it should have done, and did in the case of others that stooped properly.

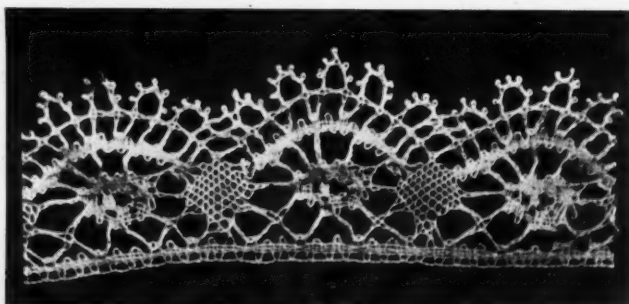
There is no doubt that wild falcons, as I have often seen (and quite close, too), the moment their lovely wings have brought them up to a point vertically over the quarry, turn themselves, so to speak, heels over head, and fly, not fall, most swiftly down, with the head where the feet were, holding their wings close to the body, and using, I think, mainly the pinion and the feathers closely adjoining it. Down they come, dropping generally some distance behind their prey and still holding the head down and the tail up; then, after a hardly appreciable pause, they right themselves, and are using their wings and holding their body in the usual attitude, and, with a speed so swift it is hard

to follow, they finish the few feet that now separate them from the intended quarry and race into the bird they have selected. This pace, indeed, must be seen to be believed.

A great number of the quarry taken with eyess falcons which do not use this, the correct method of the wild hawk's attack, are seized by one or both of the falcon's feet, carried to some little distance, and killed on the ground; whereas the wild falcon, and tame ones of long and good experience possessing



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LACE EDGING.

"C.L."

high speed, generally end their stoop and the death or capture of the bird attacked by striking it with one or other of the two back talons of the shapely feet. This is universally believed to be the falcon's favourite method of giving the *coup de grace*—often delivered with great force and with some cutting instrument, which can only be the two back talons mentioned. And when one reflects that an adult wild falcon in good condition weighs a little over 2lb., and that this weight has come down from an elevation of several hundred yards swiftly as a stone falls, one ceases to wonder at the result.

My well-known passage falcon, Lady Jane, who in one season killed sixty-four grouse—I need not say, her best record—used to stoop thus, like a wild haggard. Towards the end of her career it repeatedly happened that she broke the wing of her quarry, whether grouse or partridge. At this time she had only one serviceable leg, and used it in this way. She had then been through all sorts of adventures, lost and caught many times, and afterwards recovered in a deplorable state with one leg dislocated in the thigh joint—she having been shot at by a keeper and then brought to him in his retriever's mouth—and having, after another accident, also spent six months imprisoned in a ferret's hutch, she was at last so moulted, and so patched up by me, that she frequently took her place with the other grouse hawks. Her flying was perfection; but, alas! her injured thigh could not be borne properly in flight, and it could not have been of any service to her.

Still she flew in fine style and killed many grouse. And at last it was noticed that her grouse had almost invariably one wing-bone broken through, high up and close to the body. Of course, we never were able to see how it was done, for few indeed are the occasions on which a falconer can see an old grouse thus killed close to him. The falcon was then rapidly losing the use of one leg altogether, and my servant stoutly affirmed that she struck the grouse in this way on purpose to prevent the consequence of those one-legged stoops. For adult grouse, after September, though struck down into the heather, are so hard and tough that it takes a very hard blow to incapacitate them from running and taking refuge in all sorts of places, even after a knock-down blow, and afterwards escaping by flight.

The actual force of the blow delivered by a falcon is proved by an incident related in my "Reminiscences of a Falconer," in which I saw a grey hen killed by a wild falcon, whose two stoops I found to have cut open the side of the quarry and divided three of the ribs from the backbone almost as cleanly as if done with a chopper or a knife, and also split the bird's skull, so that the brains protruded. I may add another incident from the same record, namely, that I saw an old falcon making her three grown-up young ones practise stooping at a grouse she dropped from a height in front of them, and then deprived them of time after time, and finally divided amongst them.

C. HAWKINS FISHER.



THE question whether Englishmen are or are not too fond of sport is one that will probably exercise the pens of many writers for some time to come. In the meantime, the men who are doing the work and not talking about it have taken the matter in hand, and are finding their sport, after the manner of Englishmen, where their lot is cast. At the present moment there are lying on the table before me three letters. One describes a polo tournament arranged and carried through by the officers of General Rundle's Division; the second tells of the formation of a polo club at Kimberley; and the third, with which I am now concerned, describes an otter-hunt on the Mooi River, in Natal. Just now there is a cavalry dépôt at Mooi, and large numbers of officers find themselves stationed there while awaiting orders to join their regiments. In the neighbourhood of the dépôt there is a pack of "otter"-hounds. Strictly speaking, though the sport resembles otter-hunting in its methods and main features, the animal pursued on this occasion was not an otter.

The umvosi, the Kaffir name for what we may describe as the alternative quarry, resembles an exaggerated mongoose, with a fine grey overcoat, and it weighs about 12lb. Moreover, the umvosi leaves a good scent. Indeed, it is nearly as irresistible to hounds as a badger in England, or a wild boar in India. But it is not suggested that the umvosi is the only quarry. The



GONE TO GROUND.



"HAVE AT HIM!"

pack hunts otters when these can be found. In Africa, however, as in England, the otter is a traveller, seeking his food far and wide. Even when he is not hunted, the otter has to change his quarters, simply because fish will not stay in any reach of a stream that is persistently hunted by him. The Mooi River hounds consist of five couple of foxhounds and one otter-hound. If we may judge by the photograph, Trumpeter is a fine specimen of his musical race. It is only a few mornings since I listened to a pack of otter-hounds tearing and chiming and raging on a hot scent on the brown waters of a beautiful English river.

It is not a hard matter, with the written story before me, to picture the scene in Africa. It is a clear bright morning, in a climate where the morning air has a purity and an invigorating power that is felt nowhere else. Some twenty people ride up on hard, wiry, country-bred ponies. There are some ladies among the field of twenty, for where there is sport Englishwomen are always keen. Everyone looks at the hounds with an affectionate interest that is, perhaps, wanting in England. At home, we delight in hunting for itself; in exile, every sight and sound connected with a pack of hounds links us, by a long train of associations, with the happiest and brightest days of our home life. At Trumpeter's deep note, or the lighter voices of the foxhounds, a whole host of recollections arise, which are in their turn swept away by the eagerness for the chase at the moment. Hardly has the Master spoken to his hounds when a loud chorus tells of a find, and in a moment the bolder spirits are following the Master and the hounds through some bad, boggy ground. The rest of the field can keep within earshot, for the hounds' voices travel far in that clear air, but the followers have to make a wide detour to avoid the treacherous ground over which the others are floundering, scrambling, and splashing. "Have at him, my lads!" shouts the Master as hounds swim over the stream and scramble up the other side, the leaders throwing their tongues as they once more touch the scent, which the current has carried past them while in the water.

But these glorious moments are not to last long. It might have been ten minutes, when Trumpeter marks him to ground, and the field stand round, hot and happy, while the umvosi is got out. This is done at last, but not before the little sharp white teeth have left their mark in a too eager boy, and taught caution to a rash young hound. Once out of his refuge, the



WORRY.

umvosi takes to the water, and a regular otter-like scurry and scramble ensue, but, good swimmer though he is, the quarry is not quite like an otter in the water. Old Trumpeter has him, and must wonder what sort of an animal he has got hold of. The photograph in which the Master is seen holding up the quarry to the hounds, will show what manner of animal it was the Mooi River otter-hounds killed. Then came the worry, and after this a long and fruitless draw for the legitimate object of chase. All otter-hunters will agree that there is only one thing more difficult than to find an otter, and that is to kill him when found. The chances in his favour are so many. Yet, whether in Africa or England, it is a very delightful and genuine phase of hunting. Nor can we doubt that, as Africa begins to settle down, packs of hounds will spring up and polo clubs be formed. Perhaps our example and influence will awake a love for and sympathy with our sports in the minds of the younger Boers that may make this a real factor in the settlement of the country and the allaying of race hatreds. It is impossible to despise, it is difficult to dislike, a man who has ridden gallantly alongside you after hounds, or has snatched the triumph of a first spear by sheer hard riding and pluck, or has scrambled, splashed, and sometimes, in the excitement of the moment, shouted with you in that most absorbing of all chases, the otter-hunt.

But we must go back to our day's sport. Though no otters were found, the Mooi River hounds are lucky in the possession of an alternative beast of chase, and once more hounds threw their tongues eagerly on the track of an umvosi. A stout little beast he was; for fifteen minutes he stood before hounds, giving a capital little hunt. Then came the end. Hounds have worked hard, and the Master of Hounds in tropical countries knows that the most fatal thing he can do is to overwork and exhaust his pack. Hounds



TRUMPETER HAS HIM.

are precious. There is no friendly hound dealer to fill up gaps in a pack; so when the Master decides that hounds have had enough, we thank him for our sport and disperse to our breakfasts, for it is needless to say that the early morning hours are those for hunting in Africa, as in India.

Apart from the associations to which allusion has been made already, there is, I think, a great pleasure in hunting with hounds in wild countries. Talking over past experiences, the present writer and another sportsman, who had both hunted hounds in a wild jungle country, agreed that there was a charm about the sport which they had never enjoyed elsewhere.

IN THE GARDEN.

A WRINKLE IN GROWING ONCOCYCLUS IRISES.

A DEVOTED gardener (the Rev. H. Ewbank, St. John's, Ryde, I.W.), whose enthusiasm for *Oncocyclus Irises* is unbounded, writes about their culture. They have been hitherto difficult to manage, and those who have failed with them so far should take this note to heart: "I believe the difficulty with this class of Iris is now quite at an end. They have frequently blossomed in my hands, but never so well as this spring. At last their predilections are made quite plain. They are in most cases lime-loving plants, and if they be only treated to some bone-meal or its equivalent, they will be sure to verify the remark, 'Elegance of form, delicacy of colour, quaintness, the most refined marking.' Beautiful contrasts can go no further, I think, than is seen with them."

RECENT NEW PLANTS.

Many delightful plants were shown at a recent meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society, and the following were each given an award of merit:

Dianthus plumarius Lady Dixon.—This curious Pink attracted much attention, not altogether for its brilliant colouring and pretty shape, but owing to its parentage being given as the Sweet William crossed with the old Clove Carnation. Certainly the offspring showed the twofold character of the reputed parents, but, whatever its parentage, this is a good garden or rock flower. Its stems are long and slender, and support flowers about the size of the old white



THE UMVOSI.

Pink, very durable, sweetly scented, and of full reddish crimson colouring. It was shown by Mr. P. D. Williams, of Lanark.

Bunch Primrose The Sultan.—This is a beautiful plant, strong in leaf and stem, and with deep orange flowers of remarkable strength. It occurred as a seedling in a mass of the best forms of bunch Primroses, which are such good garden flowers that the wonder is that everyone who cares for the things of spring does not grow them in quantity. Poor-coloured flowers, dull reds and so forth, neither true Primrose nor Polyanthus, occur in many gardens, but not such glorious kinds as this. We have written a separate note about these bunch-flowered Primroses. From Miss Jekyll, Munstead Wood, Godalming.

Tulip William III.—A very handsome kind, with deep crimson double flowers, long-lasting, and showy. From Messrs. Barr and Sons, Covent Garden.

Tulip Brunnhilda.—A single Tulip, white, with delicate yellow near the base of the segments, and lined with a similar shade. From Messrs. Barr.

New Narcissi.—Many new hybrid Narcissi came from the Rev. G. Engleheart, Andover, and were given an award of merit; but many years must elapse before these are available for general gardens.

POET'S NARCISSUS IN THE GRASS.

This charming illustration shows the Poet's Narcissus or Pheasant's Eye in the grass at Kew. It is by such simple grouping of good things that the woodland and pleasure grounds are made enjoyable in the freshest and brightest season of the year.

THE BUNCH-FLOWERED PRIMROSES.

The writer was in a beautiful Surrey garden recently where a Primrose garden was in its full spring beauty, Primroses called bunch-flowered, because the flowers are held upon stout stems and are like big handsome Polyanthus, strong in colour, broad, and telling wherever grouped. Miss Jekyll, the author of "Wood and Garden," alludes especially to this race, which has, in fact, been raised to its present beauty chiefly through her efforts. "The big yellow and white bunch Primroses are delightful room flowers, beautiful and full of sweetest scent. When full grown the flower stalks are 10 in. long and more. Among the seedlings there are always a certain number that are worthless. These are pounced upon as soon as they show their bloom, and cut up for greenery to go with the cut flowers, leaving the root stalk with its middle foliage, and cutting away the roots and any rough outside leaves." The Primroses "are, broadly speaking, white and yellow varieties of the strong bunch-flowered or Polyanthus kind, but they vary in detail so much, in form, colour, habit, arrangement, size of eye, and shape of edge, that one year, thinking it might be useful to classify them, I tried to do so, but gave it up after writing out the characters of sixty classes. Their possible variation seems endless. Every year among the seedlings there appear a number of charming flowers with some new development of size, or colour of flower, or beauty of foliage, and yet all within the narrow bounds of white and yellow Primroses. Their time of flowering is much later than that of the true or single-stalked Primrose. They come into bloom early in April, though a certain number of poorly-developed flowers generally come much earlier, and they are at their best in the last two weeks of April and the first days of May. When the bloom wanes, and is nearly over-topped by the leaves, the time has come that I find best for

"DIVIDING AND REPLANTING."

"The plants then seem willing to divide, some falling apart in one's hands, and the new roots may be seen just beginning to form at the base of the crown. The plants are at the same time relieved of the crowded mass of flower stem, and therefore of the exhausting effort of forming seed, a severe drain on their strength. A certain number will not have made more than one strong crown, and a few single-crown plants have not flowered; these, of course, do not divide." Miss Jekyll, in writing of seed-sowing time, says: "As nearly as I can make out, it is well in heavy soils to sow when ripe, and in light ones to wait until March. In some heavy soils Primroses stand for two years without division, whereas in light ones, such as mine, they take up the food within reach in a much shorter time, so that by the second year the plant has become a crowded mass of weak crowns that only throw up poor flowers, and are by them so much exhausted that they are not worth dividing afterwards. In my own case, having tried both ways, I find the March-sown ones the best. The seed is sown in boxes in cold frames, and pricked out again into boxes when large enough to handle. The seedlings are planted out in June, when they seem to go on without any check whatever, and are just right for flowering next spring."

FLOWERS FROM KNAPHILL.

Mr. Anthony Waterer, of the beautiful Knaphill Nurseries, near Woking, sends us flowering shoots of many trees and shrubs in beauty at this time. They are as follows:

Pyrus Malus atrosanguinea.—This is one of the prettiest trees in bloom now; the shoots are wreathed in deep crimson buds and open flowers, deeper than those of the better-known floribunda. This tree never fails to bloom, and is one to group on the outskirts of the lawn or on the edge of the woodland. A group of five or six trees is a rare picture in early summer. *P. M. floribunda* is also sent, but this is sufficiently well known to make description needless. Another beautiful *Pyrus* in the gathering is *P. spectabilis rosea plena*, a very delicately-coloured variety smothered with flowers. The

Cerasus or *Cherry* family was well represented. This is a family full of delightful things. *C. Sie oldi fl.-pl.* is exquisite. A large branch of it was enveloped in white, as pure as a fresh snow-drift, each flower quite double, but not so much so as to destroy all beauty of form. When a good-sized tree is in

full bloom it is impossible to imagine anything in Nature more beautifying and satisfying. *C. Watereri*, the double Cherry, is well known, and James H. Veitch is becoming familiar in gardens; its large double rose-purple flowers appear in profusion, and make masses of colour in the garden. These *Cerasuses* are usually grouped under "Prunus" in garden books which follow recent classification.

Exochorda grandiflora.—No more beautiful white-flowered shrub of spring exists than this *Exochorda*, or Pearl Bush. It will grow to a height of 10 ft., and in early May is smothered with racemes of purest white, hence the name Pearl Bush. There is nothing stiff about its growth, it is free in every way; but this cannot be said of the often much-praised *E. Alberti*, which is stiffer and does not bloom so abundantly. *Spiræa grandiflora* is its old name.

Magnolias.—The time of the Yulan, the pearly white *Magnolia conspicua*, is over, but a succession is provided by the flowering of such kinds as the following, also sent by Mr. Waterer: *M. soulangeana*, *M. s. nigra*, very dark purplish stained flowers, and *M. Lanné*.

PYRETHRUMS AND PANSIES.

A very pretty effect is produced in large beds by a combination of Pyrethrums and Pansies, the Pyrethrums being first planted in clumps of sufficient size to show a good breadth of colour, and the groundwork filled in with Pansies in variety. As both are somewhat gross feeders, and decidedly averse to drought, it is advisable when preparing the beds to work in a good dose of partially-decayed cow manure. As soon as the first flowering season of the Pyrethrum is over the clumps should be trimmed up, dead flowers and foliage removed, a slight mulching given, and then a heavy watering if the weather is hot and dry. Few second flowers are obtained, but there is always a capital after-growth of the fresh Fern-like foliage, which shows to advantage against the masses of Pansies. Very little difficulty will be found in obtaining pleasing and effective contrast on a groundwork, for instance, of Pansies Archie Grant, Councillor Waters, Florizel, J. B. Ridding, and others of similar shade. Pyrethrums Aphrodite and Florentine may be used, and darker forms, like Ormonde, Alfred Kelway, and Melton, on a carpet of white or light-coloured



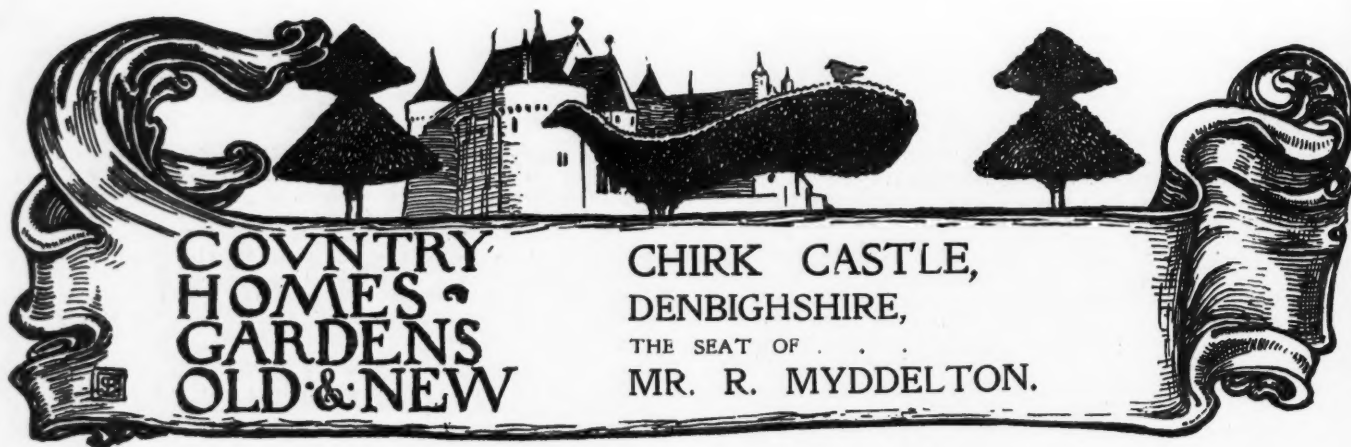
A COLONY OF POET'S NARCISSUS.

Pansies, such as Masterpiece and Lilies. There are many others in both families equally good for the purpose.

HEDGES OF FLOWERING SHRUBS.

At this season our thoughts turn to the many beautiful flowering shrubs in beauty at the present time. Of course, their usual and proper place is upon the lawn, or in free groups in the less dressy parts of the grounds, but there is another way to use them, and that is, as hedges. It often happens that some kind of hedge is wanted in a garden, either as a screen, or as a wind break, or some kind of partition. When this is the case, it is a good plan to plant hardy flowering shrubs about 4 ft. apart, and so to train them that they grow into a compact hedge, and yet have enough lateral play to allow them to flower. Such a hedge is not only ornamental, but it yields endless material for cutting. It should be allowed to grow 4 ft. thick, and is best formed with a backbone of stiff woody shrubs, such as Guelder Roses, Ribes, and Lilac, while between the stiffer shrubs might be some that are weaker, such as the free Roses, or double-flowered Brambles. *Aristolochia*, *Wistaria*, *Virginian Creeper*, and the rambling Honeysuckles are not in place in such a hedge; they are more suitable for rough hedge banks, walls, or for arbour and pergola. The flower hedge wants true shrubs. The bush Honeysuckles, such as *Lonicera fragrantissima* and *L. tatarica* are just right, or any woody, twiggy bushes, either of moderate growth, or such as are amenable to pruning or thinning, such as *Deutzia* and *Snowberry*, shrubs that so often get overgrown in a shrubbery. A good selection of true hedge shrubs is rarely if ever made. Any of the shrubs used in the mixed flowering hedge could be planted alone, and excellent would it be to have a hedge of Guelder Rose or of flowering Currant or of Japan Quince; and how much more interesting than the plain hedge of Quick or Privet or Holly. Both sides of the hedge should be easily accessible, not necessarily by a hard path, but by a space just wide enough to go along comfortably.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS. — We are always pleased to assist readers in difficulties concerning their gardens. We are also in touch with many first-class gardeners, and shall be happy to recommend one to any who may require the services of a reliable man.



CHIRK CASTLE is one of those notable strongholds of North Wales which have seen a very great deal of history. The place is not to be dissociated from that ancient fortress called by the Welsh "Castell Crogen," upon the site of which it stands, and whose traditions it inherits, for there are few castles on dominating hills that are not the heirs of castles which have gone before. Castell Crogen rested upon such a height, overlooking all the country thereabout, and was built between the years 1011 and 1013, and some parts of its structure doubtless lie in the foundations of Chirk Castle. Here occurred several events in the great struggle of the Welshmen for freedom in the time of Henry II., which aroused such strong national feeling among them. The romantic spirit of the people was linked with a passionate strain of patriotism, and the bards who sang of the seacoast and the mountains, of the fair landscapes with their dales and waters, and of the beauteous women and strong men, sang also of joy in battle, of love for freedom, and of hatred for the invader. The Conqueror had placed a chain of great earldoms along the borders, and, while the Norman barons held in check the men of the mountains, scores of lesser chiefs, adventurers mostly,

received licence to harry them. The conquest of South Wales appeared to mark the subjugation of the country; but, at the very moment, a fresh outburst of vigour turned the tide of invasion, and invested the efforts of the Welsh with the spirit of a national struggle for independence, while, as Green says, every fight had suddenly its verse, and the names of the older bards were revived in bold forgeries to animate the national resistance and to foretell victory. More than once was Henry II. compelled to retreat from the impregnable fastnesses where the "Lords of Snowdon" claimed supremacy over Wales. It was in the valley beneath Castell Crogen that the celebrated fight between the forces of Henry and the Welsh was waged. The English King marched his men to the river Ceireoc, which is in the park of Chirk Castle, where he caused the woods to be cut down, and won the passage; but the Welsh knew the country better than he, and, intercepting his communications, drove him back in great distress. The hopes of Wales rose high, and Llewelyn poured gold into the laps of the bards who sang with furious zeal the glories of the soldier's life and the coming doom of England. "Better is the grave than the life of man who sighs when the horns call him forth to the squares of





"COUNTRY LIFE."

GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—CHIRK CASTLE: GREEN EMBRASURES AND SUMMER FLOWERS.

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A BEAUTIFUL SCENE AT CHIRK CASTLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

battle." The territory around Castell Crogen became the property by descent of Griffith ap Madoc, who married an English wife, the daughter of James Lord Audley, and, at her instigation, took up arms for Henry III. and Edward I. against Llewelyn. Edward I. gave the wardship of the children of Madoc to certain great nobles, who, according to the veracious chronicler, so far forgot their duties that two of these same youths never returned to their possessions, and in these circumstances the guardians obtained the lands for themselves by charters from the King.

One of these faithless guardians was John, Earl Warren, in whose family part of the property remained for three generations, and afterwards, by a female descent, in the house of Fitzalan, Earls of Arundel, for three generations more. Later on it was in the possession of Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, and then of William Beauchamp, Lord of Abergavenny. Meanwhile, Roger Mortimer, Justice of North Wales, the other faithless guardian, had built Chirk Castle

where the older stronghold had been, and the place being sold to an Earl of Arundel, was united with the other part of the fee. From the Beauchamps it came to Sir William Stanley, who repaired the castle well, but the unfortunate knight was executed in the time of Henry VIII., and Chirk Castle and Holt Castle were granted to the King's natural son, Henry Fitzroy, Duke of Richmond and Somerset. Later on the estate was in the possession of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and Lord St. John of Bletsoe, whose son sold the castle in 1595 to Sir Thomas

Myddelton, an alderman and merchant of the City of London, who was sheriff in 1603 and Lord Mayor in 1614. The knight was descended in a paternal line from Ririd, the son of Ririd Rhudd, or the "Bloody Wolf," and his ancestors had had a share both in the glories and misfortunes of the war for Welsh Independence. It was after the marriage of another Ririd with Cicely, daughter and heiress of Sir Alexander Myddelton of Shropshire, that the Welsh family assumed the



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WESTERN TOWER AND CURTAIN WALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

English patronymic. They were a very notable family, and several Myddeltons came to prominence, among them Sir Hugh Myddelton, the famous citizen of London who brought to completion the great work of conveying the New River to the Metropolis, and who was a younger brother of the Sir Thomas who purchased Chirk.

Sir Thomas Myddelton, the son of the first knight of Chirk, was also a man of mark. In the Civil War he sided with the Commons, and his castle was seized for the King by Colonel Ellis. Meanwhile, Sir Thomas himself was fighting much in North Wales. In 1643 he took Holt Castle and some places in Shropshire, and reduced Flint Castle. In the next year he was fighting almost continuously, and one of his achievements was the capture of Powis Castle, after which he made a victorious march through Pembrokeshire, Radnorshire, Cardiganshire, Flintshire, and Denbighshire, and in December of that year was under the unfortunate necessity of besieging his own



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THE GARDEN GATES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

castle of Chirk. Concerning this event it is recorded in "Mercurius Aulicus" that a certain lady put up a prayer in these words of Puritan sweetness and light, strange to modern ears: "O heare us, heare us, Good Lord: How long art thou deafe? Why didst thou suffer thy servant Tobias to perish? Curse them, O Lord, and cursed be the creature which was the cause of Tobias' death. Why didst thou suffer that castle, which was the seat of holiness, to be possessed with profaneness and Popery? O curse with a heavy

curse that great devil of Shrawarden (Sir William Vaughan) which doth torment thy children, and let all the righteous and holy say Amen! O Lord, bless Sir Thomas, thy holy servant; grant him that strength that he may overcome his enemies, and obtain his castle with honour."

This comminatory prayer of charitable intent did not avail to give the knight's castle into his own hand, but it was delivered by Colonel Watts to his daughter for her father's use



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THE FLOWER LAWN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE FLOWER LAWNS AND AVENUE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in February, 1646. Charles I. lay two nights at Chirk Castle, and appears to have been there with Prince Maurice when he heard of the defeat of Montrose. The enthusiasm of Sir Thomas Myddelton for the Parliamentary cause had cooled somewhat, and his castle was garrisoned for the Parliament in 1651 until he gave security to the extent of £20,000 for his good behaviour. He declared for Charles II., but in 1651 was besieged in his castle by Lambert, and compelled to surrender. It was a disastrous time for Sir Thomas Myddelton. In four years he lost £45,000, and when Lambert came, his castle was surrendered, rifled, and ruined, and all his personal estates swept away, the damage done to the building alone being estimated at £30,000. He died, however, in his castle at the age of eighty, in 1666, and

was succeeded in his estates by his eldest son, Sir Thomas Myddelton, who had been created a baronet in 1660 as a reward for his services to the exiled King. The title ended with Sir William Myddelton, who died early in the eighteenth century, and the estate then passed to a kinsman, Robert Myddelton, and from him to the descendants of John Myddelton. On the death of Richard Myddelton in 1795, Chirk Castle passed with his daughter Charlotte, one of two co-heiresses, to Robert Biddulph, Esq., whose grandson is the present possessor of Chirk Castle, and who adopted in 1899 the old name of Myddelton for himself and his two sons, Robert Edward and Algernon Hugh.

Chirk Castle bears in its frowning height much of the aspect of the days when it was fitted to stand a siege. Nowhere are the walls less than 6ft. thick, and in some places there are from 16ft. to 18ft. of solid masonry. The castle belongs to many periods, and has been altered by several hands, but is still a very fine remain of old military architecture adapted to modern domestic uses. A quaint traveller, named Thomas Churchyard, who wrote a versified account of his tour in Wales, which was printed in black letter in Tudor times, paid a visit to Chirk Castle, and describes what he saw there in 1587. The old soldier—for he had served in the reigns of Henry, Mary, and Elizabeth—appears to have been a keen observer of things.

"So I tooke horse, and mounted up
in haste,

From Monmouthshire, along the
coasts I ryde;

When froste and snowe, and wayward
winter's waste,

Did beate from tree both leaves and
sommer's pryde.

I entered first, at Chirke, right ore a
brooke,

Where staying still, on countrey well
to looke,

A castle fayre appeered to sight of eye,
Whose walles were great, and towers
both large and hye.



Copyright

THE GREAT GATEWAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

"Full underneath the same does
Keeryock run,
A raging brooke, when rayne or
snowe is greate :
It was some prince that first this
house begun,
It shewes farre of, to le so brave a
seate,
On side of hill it stands most trim to
viewe,
An old strong place, a castle nothing
newe,
A goodly thing, a princely pallace yet
If all within were throughly furnist
fit."

This old traveller saw Chirk Castle before the sieges and before the alterations were made which they entailed. Those changes were effected in excellent taste, and now, not only in the general character, but in the details of windows and chimneys, the hand of the architect is seen to have done excellent work in the spirit of the old builders, and whatever time had spared is retained. The entrance gateway, with the two flanking round towers, is imposing in character, and the courtyard within is extremely fine. Ivy vests the castle in many places, but nowhere to spoil its outline, and the whole structure is very quaint and attractive. We shall leave the pictures which accompany this article to suggest the character of the gardens of Chirk Castle. In their general aspect they are simple, and very beautiful in their simplicity. Fine trees, broad expanses of turf, gay flower-beds, handsome bushes, and, above all, splendid yew hedges, are the things which go to the making up of the delightful garden pictures. Mark that wall-like hedge, cut like a bastion in the sunny garden. Observe, again, the long hedge upon the great terrace with its background of trees. There is witchery in such things, and these are noble features of Chirk Castle, from whose conspicuous eminence it is delightful indeed to survey the beautiful country that is near, with so attractive a garden for the foreground. The splendid iron gateways and the grille, which



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THE COURTYARD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

we illustrate, will show that nothing has been spared to make the gardens what such gardens should be. But it is unnecessary to pursue the subject further. Chirk Castle is a place of very great historic interest and of notable architectural attraction, and it is fittingly neighboured by the beautiful gardens we depict.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IN a dictionary we find the word "pastoral" broadly defined as "a work of art illustrating rural scenes," and one has often wondered why the attempt to render rustic life is so seldom artistic, why the writers are so few who are able even to describe scenery well. Nothing is more commonly attempted, nothing more seldom achieved, than good description. Alike



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THE LONG TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

THE IRON GATES TO THE PARK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in dealing with scenery and character, the commonest defect is exaggeration. The word painter in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is either "precious," and rings the changes on adjectives like "opalescent," "gem-dewed," "bejewelled," and the like, or he thickens his lines to split the ears of the groundlings. And in treatment of character this is even more true. The clowns of a weak writer are in a sense too clownish, or if not that too much developed on one side, while the so-called realist blinds himself to the most interesting side of life. M. Zola, for instance, paints what he sees, but then his eye is only for the material, and he does not see enough. Those who follow his example only make rustic life very squalid and sordid like an Ibsen play. It is therefore pleasant to meet a writer like M. E. Francis, who at any rate is on right lines. Her "Pastorals of Dorset" (Longmans) are in the main true to life, and yet touched by a humour and directed by an insight that make of them very delightful reading. She does not, it is true, keep always on the same level, and no other of these stories is quite equal to the first, but it is fair to judge her by the best, and instead of passing all in hurried review it may be more interesting to linger awhile over the one we like best, namely, "Shepherd Robbins." A

simpler plot for a story never was conceived, yet it is strong because, trifling as it may appear, it rests upon a sad and tragic moment in the life of a labouring man—that wherein it is brought home to him that he is failing, his once strong limbs are growing stiff and weak, he must begin to step backward and accept the wages of a "bwoy" as a preliminary to his entering the "house." Now a bad writer would pull this out into the foreground and paint it in choicest rhetoric, and so perhaps catch a hearing from the aforementioned groundlings. M. E. Francis pushes it back, and plays on her theme with spirit and humour, so that while never for a moment does the heart not feel the pathos of it all, the mind is entertained by the setting, and laughter almost conceals the tears. The story is half-spoiled by quotation, but we think the true rustic flavour will be recognised in the following passages, wherein a not unkindly farmer tries to intimate in the least painful manner that the shepherd's wages must be docked:

"'Them was her very words,' he resumed presently. "'He mustn't be allowed to drop in 'arness. We shall be four shillings a week out o' pocket, but Shepherd Robbins do deserve it," she says.'

"The farmer paused again. It takes some little time for a new idea to penetrate into the inner conscious-

ness of a Dorset rustic, but after a few moments Robbins seemed to grasp this one, and a gleam came into his faded eyes.

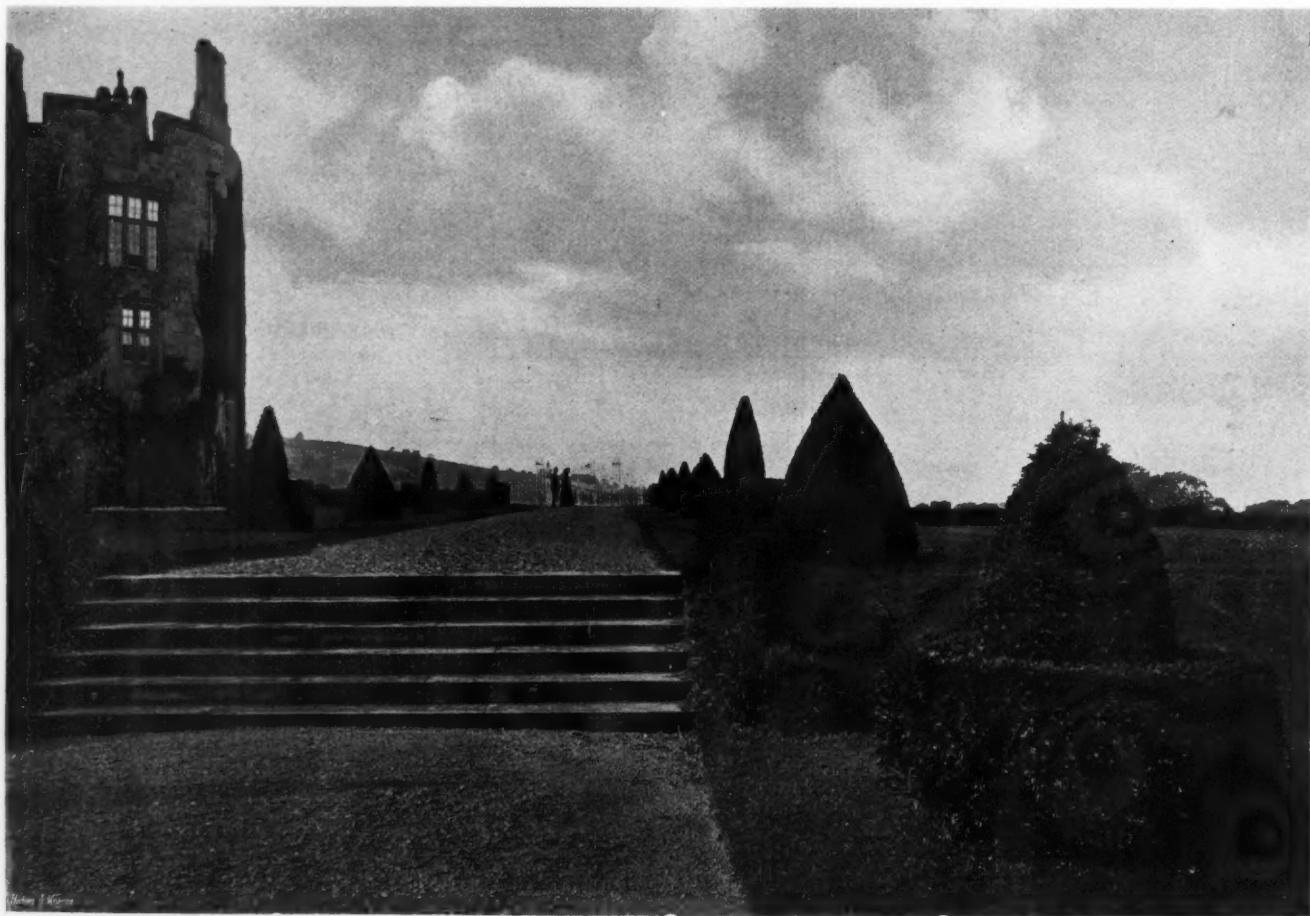
"'Four shillin' a week,' he repeated. 'What kind o' chap are ye goin' to get for that money, master? Why, the lad 'ud scarce frighten the crows for that.'

"The farmer coughed again, and gently prodded the ground with his pitchfork, watching the operation with apparently intent interest for a moment or two. Then he slowly raised his eyes.

"'He'll be gettin' eight shillin' a week, shepherd. Ye see, 'tis this way. We be a-payin' you twelve shillin' a week, now, we be.'

"Robbins nodded. He had ceased to rub his hands, but stood with the palms still tightly pressed together.

"'Well, ye see, we didn't grudge it ye. Ye was worth it to us, shepherd!—while ye was strong and hearty ye was worth it to us!' he repeated, handsomely. 'But now ye bain't fit for much. And that's the treth; 'tis no fault o' yourn, but ye bain't. We lost a terrible lot o' lambs last year. Ye be too stiff in your joints to get about quick, an' ye can't get through your work. It



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THE CASTLE TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

comes hard on we, ye see, to be payin' out good money and not gettin' the money value—an' it comes hard on you, too, now ye be a-gettin' into years, shepherd, to be strivin' and contrivin' like, an' bibberin' in the frostiss an' snow stuff an' standin' out o' nights when the rheumatis is bad. 'Tis cruel hard for ye, shepherd."

"Ah, sure," agreed Robbins, more readily than usual.

"So, ye see, 'tis this way; I lose four shillin' a week by hirin' a chap to help ye, and you lose four shillin' a week. I'll pay him eight shillin' and I'll pay you eight shillin', an' ye'll divide the work between ye. That's it; do ye see?" said Farmer Joyce, confidentially. "Divide the work and divide the wage."

It takes some time for the poor man to catch the full drift of this proposal, and when he does, it is to bitterly resent. "Little chaps leavin' school gets eight shillin' a week; it is hwoy's wage—hwoy's wage." And the end is that he resolves to leave. He is given time to think over the proposal, but at the end is quite determined.

"Well, farmer," said Abel, grimly, "I be goin'."

"His master stood gazing at him, shading his eyes with his hand. 'When be ye goin', shepherd?' he asked, still mildly."

"This day week," returned the shepherd, briefly.

"How be goin' to live, Abel?"

"Robbins made no reply. Farmer Joyce thumped the gate with his massive brown fist."

"Ye'll starve, Abel, that's what ye'll do."

"Well then," cried Abel, thumping the gate with his old hand, "I will starve, farmer. I don't care so much if I do starve; livin's weary work—the sooner I be done with it the better."

It is really breaking his heart to have to go away from the old place, and the farmer is almost equally sorry to lose him; but they are mere men, and do not understand one another. The best of the story is the part wherein the shepherd wife comes to the rescue. She is hard and yet not unkind, and possesses a power of sympathy that enables her to extract the real cause of the old man's grief. He is really a very simple, plain-living person who sets no value on the difference between eight shillings and twelve, but it is the "notion," or, as he explains, "Av, it'll keep me, missus—it baint that. But I do 'low it'll be main hard to go up on pay-day wi' 'em all an' take laiss nor any of 'em—me that has always took the most. They'll all be castin' ees at me an' talkin' small o' me. They'll be sayin': 'Shepherd be takin' hwoy's wage. He baint worth his salt now, shepherd baint.' It's the notion o' that, missus, as I can't stand—nohow."

This gives an opening for woman's wit to come in, and after a little thought she vows his wages, instead of being lessened, shall be raised, in this wise: "Yet if master raises you, nobody couldn't vex you, and yet nobody couldn't find aught amiss. The master 'ud tell 'em all 'twas but natural after ye bein' wi' us so long, an' so punished wi' rheumatics. It's time we should do something more for 'ee. An' so he'd say he's goin' to raise you up, an' you be goin' to keep a lad." The italics are ours, her proposal being that he should be paid henceforth sixteen instead of twelve shillings a week, and out of it pay eight for a lad. Robbins heard her with astonishment and delight, and even the other labourers paid him more respect, after he had received this signal mark of honour. Thus exquisitely and with strict fidelity does M. E. Francis paint the rural swain of to-day, and we wish there were more writers like her.

We have grown accustomed to expect good work from Miss Dorothea Gerard, and though her latest novel, "The Supreme Crime" (Methuen), may not seem to fulfil expectations, it is, however, a very good book. If we analysed our disappointment, it seems probable that we should find that it is not defective workmanship of which we must complain, but of a theme which is not exhilarating. This story of Ruthenian life in Austria is laid among a primitive people

of sordid habits and narrow views, dull in their joys, and bearing their sorrows with a sodden stolidity that might be mistaken for apathy. There are few high lights in the picture. If now and then a darker cloud throws a deeper shade of gloom, there is no hint of tempest or thunderbolt, and but seldom do we get the gladness of sunshine or the peace of starry skies. The tale is one of a village schoolmaster, Gregor Petrow, who became a priest in order to be an eligible husband for Zenobia Mostewicz. His four years of study ended, he returned to Hlobaki, to find that, after all, he preferred the younger sister, the beautiful Wasylya, a vain minx of little worth. People are fond of doing such things in novels; in real life the gold is not always dropped in the dirt nor the pinchbeck treasured so jealously. Wasylya bewitched the hapless Gregor with her malicious black eyes, and a popular song of the country, sung by her, seemed to fit his case so that it haunted him:

"It is because that wicked witch

The world hath bewitched with her face—

With her face and with her black eyes—

The curse God himself cannot take from her.

Everything, everything is transformed in o' her,

Whichever way I turn she is there.

The man on whom the curse has fallen,

Must possess her or must die."

It is rather primitive poetry, but we quote it for the intensity, the race-passion in it. Zenobia gives up her lover to her sister with few words and a scowl of hatred, and Wasylya is content in her kittenish way. "People say so many hard things about life," she said, "but, if only I have enough to eat, and am not too hot nor too cold, and if nothing hurts me anywhere, I am quite content. After all, it is very good to feel as though one could never be ill." Poor Zenobia! "He has given me up, and I had waited for him for four years," she wailed, but did not seek to lure him back by any of the wise woman's charms, sewing a hair of her head into the hem of his coat, or the like, and her trousseau was hurriedly altered to fit Wasylya. The lovers parted on the eve of their marriage with the word "To-morrow!" on their lips. Next morning dawned on a dead Wasylya, lying rigid on her bed. "God's scourge!" groaned Gregor. "It is His judgment, and I have deserved it—oh, tenfold!" Shortly afterwards he married Zenobia, and they lived together quietly; a child was born to them, and it seemed as if Wasylya's memory had quite gone out of their lives. But Gregor, brooding in silence over that inexplicable death, saw that people looked coldly on Zenobia, and grew suspicious of his wife. A medical student, and her rejected lover, asserted that she had poisoned her sister. He furnished proofs—an attestation from a chemical institute that arsenic in sufficient quantity to cause death had been found in Wasylya's remains, exhumed for the purpose of this examination. Gregor was overwhelmed; no denial from Zenobia could win credence from him. A solemn ceremonial oath of innocence, in a dark empty church, kneeling, candle in hand, before the altar, only elicited from him the words: "Life and lies can live together comfortably side by side, but death and truth belong together." He spied upon his wife's soul in the confessional, hoping to get from her some acknowledgment of her guilt. The stratagem was ineffectual, and Zenobia recognised him when it was over, and, guessing his purpose, went home in a horrible despair that drove her to suicide. Only in dying could she convince him of her innocence of that "supreme crime," so she poisoned herself that he should believe her at the last. "I don't know why I loved you so," said the dying woman; "you were not worth it—no, I see now that you were not worth it." There were whispers in Hlobaki of grave desecration, of murder, of a guilty suicide, and a judicial enquiry was held which cleared Zenobia's name at last. A servant confessed that Wasylya had taken several beauty powders at once in order that her fine complexion might be faultless on her wedding day.

THE HATCHING OF THE CROCODILE.

THE little wooden hut on the banks of the Niger, with its zinc roof, felt literally red-hot. Inside, on a camp-bed, I lay tossing and aching in the familiar throes of an attack of malarial fever. A small, cracking, restless noise had rasped its way to my consciousness, and now lay on my irritated nerves till it became unbearable.

"Sister," I called out to my fellow-nurse on the verandah, "I wish you would come and see if some insect has got into your work-basket; there is such a worrying noise going on."

Sister came, peered into the basket, and could see nothing, but removed the lid in case some creature might be imprisoned.

Crack! rustle! went the noise, louder this time.

"There must be something in the basket," I persisted, peevishly.

"Nothing in the world, my dear, but some reels of cotton and that crocodile's egg that was given to me weeks ago at Egga. It is time for your milk."

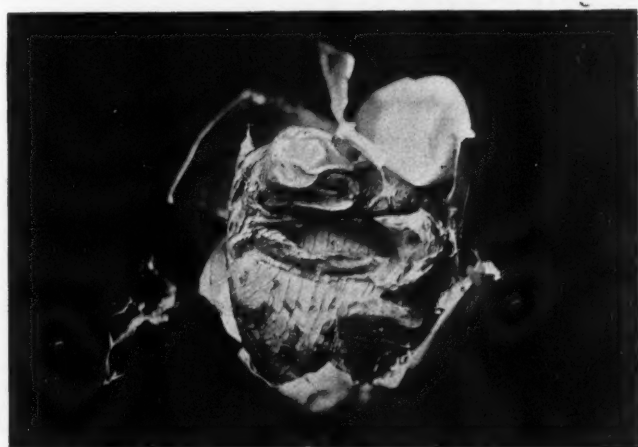
I swallowed the glass of tepid water and condensed milk with a wry face (fresh milk is almost an unknown luxury in Northern Nigeria), and then I tried to imagine there was no noise and that I was dreaming. Still the noise continued, accompanied by a faint little grunt. I thought it over.

"Sister," I said, suddenly, "I believe there is a crocodile in that egg."

Sister looked at me with astonished concern, evidently thinking either fever or quinine was affecting my brain.

"Let me see it," I said.

She brought the basket, remarking, with a tolerant smile, that a hatching crocodile is just the sort of thing one might expect to find in one's work-basket in Nigeria, and there, to her huge surprise and my great delight, we saw that the egg was darkened, discoloured, and cracked all over, while inside an apparently healthy wee crocodile was making a most extraordinary little barking noise.



THE CROCODILE'S FIRST APPEARANCE.

My pains and aches were soon forgotten in the excitement of the moment, and I insisted on taking it into bed with me to help hatch it out. After a little while I got too restless to keep it with safety, so we fashioned an impromptu incubator, with a rubber bottle filled with hot water, on which the egg was placed and lightly covered over with a piece of flannel.

I had little sleep that night, but felt it a thrilling experience to lie awake and listen to the restless movements of the creature in its shell. Through the long stifling hours my thoughts wandered back to recollections of all the crocodiles we had seen on our way up the river—great monsters, scarcely distinguishable in colour from the sand-banks on which they were lying

with their mouths wide open. My memory went back to the small birds I had seen alighting fearlessly on the crocodiles' heads, and to the account given by Herodotus of the crocodile birds on the Nile. He writes as follows:

"As the crocodile lives chiefly in the river, it has the inside of its mouth constantly covered with leeches; hence it happens that, while all other birds and beasts avoid it, with the trochilos it lives at peace, since it owes much to that bird; for the crocodile, when he leaves the water and comes out on the land, is in the habit of lying with his mouth wide open, facing the western breeze. At such times the trochilos goes into his mouth and devours the leeches. This benefits the crocodile, who is pleased, and takes care not to hurt the trochilos."

Also Dr. Leith Adams, writing of the spur-winged plover as a leech-catcher, mentions that it is believed that it sometimes gets shut within the jaws of the crocodile when the latter falls asleep. On such occasions the plover applies its spur to the interior of the animal's mouth as a gentle reminder that it is within, when the monster's jaws reopen immediately—as if his reptilian majesty was sorry for his forgetfulness. In contrast to this gentleness of the crocodile to the bird, I remembered the native hospital at Jebba with a large proportion of the patients suffering from crocodile bites. Arms and legs are often snapped off as the native stoops for water at the river.

The natives firmly believe that crocodiles can take the form of man, and while we were there a man of a strange tribe coming into Jebba was suspected of being a crocodile, and was very nearly killed by the superstitious mob.

Crocodiles, no doubt, are indispensable as the scavengers of the rivers, but they are most repulsive-looking brutes, and it certainly was difficult to connect the small object on the table with any of these dreaded monsters.

As I lay restlessly listening to the cry of the hyænas and the many weird noises of the tropical night, I heard a heavy shuffling sound in the verandah, and a great crashing amongst our biscuit tins. I called to Sister to light her candle, and as the light streamed out into the verandah, a large dark body sprang off it with a heavy thud and disappeared into the darkness. We heard afterwards that it was a leopard, who, later on the same night, paid a visit to the next hut to ours and carried off a goat and a pet monkey.

After this excitement was over, Sister renewed the hot water in the "incubator," and we saw with interest that a portion of the hard part of the shell had come off the egg, and that the tough skin was showing underneath. Apparently our treatment was satisfactory.

Early the next morning my doctor arrived, and I immediately greeted him with the news.

"I have a new patient for you."

He was intensely interested when he saw the egg, and at once (actuated, I am convinced, by a childish curiosity to see

what was inside) said he was positive that one ought to assist the creature by cutting through the tough skin. I begged him to wait a little, but found that, in his professional eagerness to operate, both myself and my remonstrances were entirely unheeded.

He and Sister rushed out with the egg into the verandah to get a better light for the operation, and, armed with my nail scissors, proceeded to cut the skin. Amidst much excitement and cheering exclamations from the doctor to the crocodile, such as "Come along, Cæsar Augustus," a part of the skin was removed, and there, still attached to the shell, was a most perfect little crocodile. It was beautifully coiled up to fit into the egg, and its little arms were stretched across its very fat pale yellow body. The breathing went on regularly, but it no longer "barked."

The next order given by its medical adviser was that it should be placed in the sun, so that the heat should finish the process of hatching. This was done, and my little black servant, Longy, was put to watch it. He came to me presently with a worried expression on his face.

"Please, Ma, them thing he live for die."

"Does that mean he is dead?" I said, not as yet being quite familiar with the jargon the West Coast native calls English.

"Nos, Ma" (Longy never could see why if you said "Yes" you should not say "Nos").

After further searching examination, I found out that having consulted Quashi, our "head butler," aged sixteen, Longy had come to the conclusion that the sun was too hot for the infant crocodile. Not having the same faith in Quashi's wisdom as my small boy, I am sorry to say I took no notice of this suggestion, forgetting that under normal conditions the eggs are always covered with sand, which protects them from the heat of the sun till the crocodile is hatched out.

Sister having just come over from the hospital, I begged

her to see how matters were progressing. Alas! it was too late. As she went out "Cæsar Augustus" just lifted its head, gave one gasp, and died, a victim to sunstroke. All that was left to do was to fetch a small tin cigarette-box, fill it with spirit, and lay the crocodile, still partly covered by its shell, in it.

After many wanderings this rather uncommon specimen of a partly-hatched crocodile reached England, and has found a temporary home in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington.

I might add that another Sister had a crocodile's egg given to her, and she, fired by a desire to outshine us by not only hatching, but rearing, a crocodile, placed the egg, which showed signs of fertility, on her bed, under the blanket. Wearing out at night by her hospital work, she effectually squashed her hopes and ambitions as far as the egg was concerned, by sitting upon it. I. C.



A BABY CROCODILE.

LITERARY NOTES.

OCCASIONALLY it happens, either in a theatre or when reading a novel, that one's interest unconsciously becomes fixed on a minor character. The hero or the heroine, on whom the author has bestowed so much labour, falls into the background, and some figure originally designed to be a mere accessory engages the attention. Something of this kind happened to me when reading "The Life of Mrs. Lynn Linton" (Methuen). It was not the fault of her own story. I have a pleasant memory of "Under which Lord," "The Evil of the Period," and other works of hers, while that record of her struggles, trials, triumphs, and defeats while fighting the uphill battle of a woman journalist is one that never wearies. Yet my eyes became fascinated with that, to her, useless appendage, the husband. He had been the plague of her life, and, after being separated for thirty years, they died with the Atlantic between them. One cannot, accordingly, describe him as a model family man, but to me his weaknesses were very forgivable, and I felt my eyes brighten whenever his name appeared on the page.

Mr. Linton, whose name is chiefly remembered as an eminent wood-engraver associated with the *Illustrated London News* in its early days, was a man of many sympathies and of an enthusiastic temperament. He lectured and wrote poetry, and took part in politics, and started papers that did not pay with an imprudence that was delightful. Before his marriage with Miss Lynn (it was a second one) he lived in Brantwood, that was afterwards to become the

home of Ruskin, and the character of the man can be partly guessed from his surroundings. He had never a tree or bush pruned, and thought daisies and dandelions better than any of man's garden flowers. Nor would he let the children have their hair cut, but in sunny weather they were to be seen with their long flowing locks playing among the wild flowers, themselves the fairer flowers, for they were described as being extremely beautiful. It should be added, that in his own way he was wise and kind, and his religion was "a loose jumble of Christianity and Pantheism." He was, in fact, the opposite of Miss Lynn, who strikes one as a prim, orderly young woman, fond of regular hours and general respectability. But Linton was an utter Bohemian—"for an eight o'clock breakfast he would come down at ten, for a six o'clock dinner he would appear at eight," and he thought it unkind if his wife fed without him. A different sort of woman would have stayed her hunger with a snack at the usual time, and then made a brave pretence of going all over it again with her kind, negligent, lovable husband; but, alas, Mrs. Lynn Linton was a writer first and a wife afterwards, and, says she, "for my work it was ruinous." It appears that her work was not "to make a happy fireside shine." Then she complains (and unwittingly makes us like the man still more) that remonstrance, or putting him in mind of "the absolute obligation of his plain duty" (O memory of certain lectures) was of no avail; "the only way in which I could touch my husband was by a tender kind of coaxing flattery." But who is not attracted to the man to whom an appeal to his "free, grand, loving heart"

was irresistible? Only he did not care for clean table-cloths, or whether the butchers' bills were correctly added or not, and when seated in the smallest room of their big house, he said to his friend Adams: "All I want is this little room—the rest is a worry and an encumbrance." So the two drifted apart, mainly from incompatibility of temper. He preferred the country, she the town; he solitude, she society; he Brantwood, and she Russell Square. After a few years of half-and-half marriage, a few months together and a great many separate, Mr. Linton crossed over to America, and, though thirty years of life were before him, he never again met his wife, but on the other side "lived the same secluded life he had led at Brantwood, busy with his engravings and his books." It would be unfair to judge between them at this time of day, but there would be no harm in saying that, from the glimpses given of him, I would sooner have had Mr. Linton than his wife for a friend. No other of Mrs. Lynn Linton's friends possessed the charm of the husband she could not live with. They seemed to consist mostly of the third and fourth rate people of letters that a clever journalist is likely to come into contact with. George Eliot was an exception, but her she slated, and felt it as a grievance that Society pardoned the authoress of "Adam Bede" for defying the conventions and looked askance at Mrs. Lynn Linton, whose conduct throughout was that of respectability incarnate. No breath of scandal ever soiled those long years of voluntary widowhood.

"All hockey girls are nice girls," wrote a recent contributor to COUNTRY LIFE, but even nice girls may have a grievance, and those who play hockey complain that in the journal which attends to the interests of this game far more attention is paid to the male than to the female players, though the former have only about eighty clubs as compared with 385 belonging to the ladies. So, in a very practical way, they are taking the matter into their own hands, and have resolved to start an organ of their own—a paper written by lady hockey players for lady hockey players. The editor is to be Miss Thompson, and it is said she will be backed by all the talent. Running a newspaper and playing hockey are two very different things, but I, for one, wish the hockey girls the best of luck in their venture.

One is so weary of the Englishwoman and her notorious love-letters that it were to be desired Mr. Murray would leave well alone. Most of us who know anything about the matter are convinced that the author is perfectly well known and was named here some time ago. Why, then, so formally contradict the statement that Mrs. W. K. Clifford wrote them? No one with average intelligence could believe that this excellent and healthy writer could if she would,

and I am very much mistaken if anything would tempt her to perpetuate anything of the kind. Then Mr. Murray has written a long letter to an American newspaper explaining that he knows nothing about the authorship, but accepted the book through an intermediary—to wit, Mr. James B. Pinker, the literary agent. Again, there is no need for the representative of this ancient and honourable house to protest so much. Nine people out of ten would accept Mr. Murray's word for it that he does not know the author, and the only reflection would be that he holds himself very much aloof from the better-informed journals. Why does he not deny the frequently-made statement that the book was written by Mr. Laurence Housman? And that gentleman, though a new book of his has been offered as by the author of "The Love-Letters of an Englishwoman," neither admits nor, except by implication, denies the impeachment. A little more frankness would be wholesome here.

In the current *Fortnightly* there is a very exhaustive examination by Mr. Herbert Thring of the state of the Copyright Law. His arguments tell in favour of one that is exercised both as to time and space. No other creator of property is treated quite so badly as an author. Suppose, for example, he writes a novel that becomes a masterpiece. It will be granted that his book is as much the outcome of his energy as is the work of any individual. Without him it never could have been, yet, possibly enough, it may yield no great return till long after he is dead. That, at any rate, was the case with the works of Jane Austen, who got very little for her works. Yet much money has been made by reprinting her books by publishers who paid nothing whatever for the privilege. This does not seem at all fair, except on the Socialist doctrine that property should not be heritable at all—a principle that few would care to see universally applied. Nevertheless, practical men will see that there is little advantage in urging an extreme. What they may by combination obtain is an extension of the period, which ought, at the very least, to cover the lifetime of all who could possibly be dependent on the author. To make them secure is a legitimate and laudable ambition that he should be encouraged to carry out.

Books to order from the library:

"The New South Africa: Its Value and Development." W. Bleloch. (Heinemann.)

"Glimpses of Three Nations." G. W. Steevens. Edited by Vernon Blackburne. (Blackwood.)

"Idols of Arcadia." John Freeman. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

"Bitter Fruit." Mrs. Lovett Cameron. (John Long.) ON-LOOKER.



AT THE THEATRE

WE have heard a great deal about the alterations and improvements on the stage of Covent Garden, but, thus far, they have done very little that is apparent to the audience. No doubt the results will be visible

in time. The changes in the arrangement of the orchestra, too, have very little effect, to those sitting in the stalls, at any rate, but perhaps the volume of sound which ascends to the circles has improved in quality by the removal of that part of the stage which used to mask the greater part of the brass.

The "big guns" have not been brought into action at the time of writing. "Romeo and Juliet," the opening work, reintroduced us to Miss Emma Eames, whom we were very glad to hear once again, and whom we may congratulate sincerely on a marked improvement in her always-beautiful voice; as Juliette Miss Eames put a warmth and feeling into her singing which were noticeably absent in previous seasons. M. Saléza was very good, though not an inspired Romeo. Signor Mancinelli conducted irreproachably.

Very charming was the representation of "Hansel und Gretel," so far as singing and acting went, but the mounting made us smile after the accounts we had heard of the wonderful mechanical appliances which were to be used on the stage. As conducted by Herr Lohse, the beautiful orchestral music received delightfully sympathetic treatment. Mme. Felsar, as Hansel, and Mme. David, as Gretel, were wholly and unceasingly pleasing, acting and singing earnestly, freshly, most artistically. One could not wish the characters of these delightful children to be more admirably rendered. The performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana," given on the same evening, calls for no particular comment.

The first Wagner night naturally drew a crowded audience to Covent Garden. Herr Van Dyck made a splendid Tannhäuser—his voice is in fine condition this year, and he acts

the part very finely indeed.

Mme. Gadski's Elizabeth was a fitting companion picture, vocally and histrionically; her voice is full and rich, and as an actress she possesses dignity and passion. The Venus of Mme. Strakosch was another capital impersonation from all points of view; and Mr. John Coates made a highly satisfactory *début* at Covent Garden. Herr Lohse's orchestra was hardly up to the level expected, and the chorus did not thrill one with its attack of precision.

Verdi's "Rigoletto," too rarely played nowadays, was once more a feast of melody. Signor Anselmi's none too robust tenor made a very favourable impression on his first appearance among us, from its sweet and attractive quality. M. Seveilhac's baritone, too, was decidedly pleasant to listen to. Miss Suzanne Adams's pretty soprano once more charmed the ear. M. Flon conducted the orchestra, and the chorus, always at its best in the lighter Italian School, distinguished itself.

"WHEELS Within Wheels," originally produced about two years ago at the Court Theatre, has been revived at the Criterion by Mr. Arthur Bouchier. It is a little difficult to discover the reason for the reappearance of Mr. R. C. Carton's play, which has no claim whatever to be considered as anything but the ephemeral of the ephemeral. We believe the time has gone by for these "comedies of bad manners," as they are termed, these heartless, soulless plays which seek to amuse by showing us the seamiest side of nature and labelling it Modern Society. We are glad to think that we have tired of these revolting wives and impossible husbands, these tame lovers, and, in fact, of all these types played upon *ad nauseam* by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and Mr. R. C. Carton. A manlier spirit pervades the stage, we earnestly believe. We are weary of these neurotic women and disreputable men.

"Wheels Within Wheels" is admirably acted at the Criterion. Mr. Bouchier's faithful study of the nauseous Jim Blagden is once again a remarkable bit of acting. Mr. Eric Lewis, as



always, is artistic to his finger-tips; Miss Compton, as the feminine counterpart of that masculine "friend of the family" which is continuously played—in one form or another—by Mr. Wyndham, at Wyndham's, is wholly excellent; Miss Alice De Winton, Mr. Dawson Millward, and Mr. Dion Boucicault could hardly be improved upon.

But the effect of "Wheels Within Wheels"—an amusing piece enough—is disheartening, demoralising, wholly bad.

CHANGE the name of the theatre from the Criterion to Wyndham's, and the title of the piece from "Wheels Within Wheels" to "The Case of Rebellious Susan," and almost exactly the same words might apply. Mr. Carton's piece at the former and Mr. Jones's at the latter are exactly on a par. They pretend to have their reason of existence in a desire to paint nature truthfully. That excuse is inadmissible. Not only should Art be selective, but on their own grounds the authors are out of court. They have deliberately chosen to paint only the nasty side of human nature. They have dumped down together collections of wholly objectionable human beings, and they call these fair pictures of human nature. In each case there is a pretence to be just and balanced in their dealings with our most unfortunate human nature by the introduction of characters with glimmerings of purity and principle; but this is merely a sop to Cerberus—these pleasant people really do not concern the main interest of the story. And Mr. Jones, in his play, makes matters ever so much worse by his piquant methods of stimulating interest—by leaving his audience entirely in the dark as to whether his heroine is really a disreputable woman or merely an almost equally detestable philanderer. It may come as a shock to Mr. Jones to be told that, beneath all the pretty persiflage and smartness, his heroines in these "comedies" are a common and vulgar type of debased womanhood such as the French yellow-backed novels have made us familiar with when, as youths, we thought it clever to read them.

As at the Criterion, the acting disguises the commonness of the theme and the people. Mr. Wyndham, Mr. Alfred Bishop, Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Miss Mary Moore and the others could hardly be improved upon.

SIR HENRY IRVING has revived "The Bells" and "Waterloo" at the Lyceum—as Mathias and Corporal Brewster the great actor is seen at his best; the parts are strongly contrasted, and Sir Henry's sense of character and his irresistible personality find in them their strongest outlet. The weird power and uncanny attraction of "The Bells," the humanity and humour of "Waterloo," once again exerted all their old sway over the audience, and make one wish that some author could be discovered who could fit the peculiar genius of Sir Henry Irving with new characters.

We are promised reproductions of "The Lyons Mail," "Louis XI.," and "The Merchant of Venice," in each of which Sir Henry has a part which suits him admirably, and also of "Robespierre" and "Coriolanus."

THE revival at matinées of "Pelleas and Melisande" by Mrs. Patrick Campbell at the Royalty Theatre will not change the opinions of those who formed them when first Maeterlinck's play was produced in England. The symbolists will rave over it, the anti-symbolists will call it rubbish. It is not a play; certainly, there is absolutely nothing of drama in it; but it is an entertainment of a curiously fascinating quality—an eerie, weird, fairy-like affair which appeals to many temperaments. The performance has the advantage of the presence of Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Mr. Martin Harvey, who seem to be the only possible representatives of the characters they assume. Mr. Titheradge replaces Mr. Forbes Robertson as Golande, and succeeds thoroughly in filling the part.

MR. AND MRS. KENDAL, for some reason best known to themselves, have, after many years' devotion to pure and healthy drama, associated themselves with the gloomy and the morbid. By no means do we want our drama merely milk and water, but we have for so long been accustomed to charm and graciousness in the plays presented by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, that one cannot but regret their belated adhesion to the Drama of the Doldrums. They are at present touring with a play by Mr. and Miss Egerton Castle, "The Secret Orchard," which we have had recently the opportunity of seeing at the Grand Theatre, Fulham. It is a very weird and distinctly disagreeable story, and we think we do but our duty in advising our readers for once not to hurry to see Mr. and Mrs. Kendal when they are in their neighbourhood if "The Secret Orchard" retains its place in their programme. There is nothing attractive in a play which shows us a young girl, previously "protected" by the Ducal hero, adopted by this "hero's" wife, in ignorance of the relations previously existing between the youthful creature and her husband.

Nor is there any moral in the Ducal idea of honour, which, after allowing his wife to enter into such intimate relations with his late mistress, is shocked at the idea of permitting a friend of his—who has been paying his attentions to the young lady—to marry her. So he confesses, is challenged by her admirer, and is fatally wounded. That is the play, told with much skill in many places, with moments of acute drama.

It is acted with beautiful pathos and sympathy by Mrs. Kendal as the wife, and with strength and magnetism by Miss Grace Lane, a young actress whom London has only known hitherto in pantomime. Mr. Kendal as the Duke, and Miss Hilda Rivers as an American girl, acted admirably.

"A CIGARETTE-MAKER'S ROMANCE" has been transferred to the Apollo Theatre, and Mr. Martin Harvey continues to please his admirers by the many attractions of his performance of the demented Count. That the play is a good one, as a play, we shall not be persuaded if it runs a thousand nights—it is invertebrate, inconsequential, lacking in advancing interest. But it has a pleasant atmosphere; the novel is a very popular one, and Mr. Hannan's piece is, for the most part, particularly well acted.

The new one-act piece, "Toff Jim," by Mr. Fred Wright, jun., calls for no comment. It is an attempt to bring the late craze for ugliness and squalor into a mere curtain-raiser, and the result is not at all gratifying.

PHÆBUS.



THE Social Clubs' Tournament at Hurlingham occupied the attention of polo men all the week. Fine weather and a good ground have made the matches interesting to watch and pleasant to play in. As often happens, the critical games of the series came on the first day. The victory of White's over the Bath Club and the defeat of Mr. Neil Haig's Cavalry Club team on Monday week were games of more than ordinary interest. White's v. Bath was, on the whole, the best game of the tournament, and there was quite a gathering of well-known faces on and about the pavilion—Lord Harrington, who now looks on as often as he plays; Sir Patteson Nickalls, who never fails to put in an appearance when his sons are playing. He ought to have been pleased on Monday, for Mr. Cecil Nickalls played well on two raking galloping ponies, and is certainly marked out as a coming "forward" in first-class polo. Mr. Tom Drybrough and Mr. A. Rawlinson, who had a sale at Tattersall's in the morning, were looking on. Seaside, the chestnut I noted last week as playing so well at Ranelagh, did not find a purchaser, but some other well-known ponies were disposed of. Altogether this spring between 400 and 500 ponies of the polo class have been offered or sold at Tattersall's. But to return to the match, which began fairly punctually at three o'clock. This is a matter in which polo customs have greatly improved, and we can generally reckon on beginning somewhere near the advertised time. White's Club were represented by Lord Shrewsbury, Mr. G. A. Miller, Captain Daly, and Mr. C. D. Miller; and the Bath Club by Mr. Cecil Nickalls, Mr. F. J. Mackey, Mr. Buckmaster, and Mr. A. Stuart.

The game started off with a galloping ten minutes; the good turf of Hurlingham playing fairly fast, Messrs. Nickalls and Mackey were able to force the pace, which suits the style of both players. Neither of them can hit so well in a pottering as in a fast game. As for Mr. Mackey, if he can put Ladysmaid to her quickest pace he is at his best. But, however brilliant the attack, Mr. Charles Miller and Captain Daly were prepared with a suitable defence. The latter is rapidly playing himself back into the old Freebooter form, and Mr. Charles Miller has never played better polo than he did in this match. He had a nasty fall, for on going back to save his goal he fell, and Mr. Mackey in hot pursuit rode right over him, no harm, however, being done. There was an interesting case of "off side" in the second ten minutes; White's back and the Bath No. 1 were racing alongside, the back got a near-side stroke and twisted the ball to his right front, checked his pony, and No. 1 shot forward and became off side before they reached the ball. The Bath Club with their quick forwards pressed hard for a great part of the time, but never made much impression on the defence. On the other hand, whenever White's had the chance to attack, the Bath defence was easily broken through. This practically made the two sides about even, and for once the score reflected the state of the match with perfect accuracy. The game was fairly fast towards the end, but throughout the ball was very often out of play. This, of course, is because the game was across the ground rather than up and down. Mr. Mackey, Mr. Nickalls, and Mr. Buckmaster made some good runs, and the latter was really unlucky, after bringing the ball in splendid style from the Royal Pavilion to the chestnuts, in that his stick should slip and the ball in consequence go wide. This proved to be the turning point of the game, and the Bath club just lost by one goal, yet were, perhaps, rather the stronger team.

The following match was Orleans, Mr. F. Hargreaves, Mr. F. Freake, Mr. F. Menzies, and Mr. L. McCreery, v. Cavalry, a mixed team and Mr. Neil Haig. Mr. Menzies, starting away from the throw in, made a goal at once, and this was prophetic of the game, for Orleans won from start to finish, in spite of the efforts of Mr. Neil Haig and that marvellous piebald pony, which gallops under his weight as though he were a feather.

The Wellington on Tuesday week made very short work of the Badminton, and thus qualified for the final last Saturday, when they had to meet Orleans, which defeated White's on Thursday week. This was a game which for two-

thirds of the time promised to be a great match. Unluckily Captain Daly's pony fell and rolled head over heels. Captain Daly had the bad luck to break his nose, and was, of course, out of the game. Then the Orleans won easily, their score rapidly rising to seven goals.

Saturday was a day of magnificent weather, and at Hurlingham a crowd of gaily-dressed ladies made the pavilion and the bandstand gay with their presence. Everyone expected that the final of the Social Clubs' Tournament would lead to a good game, nor were they disappointed. We may say that perhaps Wellington ought to have won, since they had both Mr. Foxhall Keene and Mr. A. Rawlinson to help them. As soon as the play began, however, Orleans became the favourites with a good many, for they showed excellent combination. Mr. F. Menzies stayed well, and when he does this he is very good. Mr. Laurence McCreery has not played with the Old Cantabs for nothing, and worked well, showing us sound polo. On the other hand, Mr. A. Rawlinson has been on the sick list, and was by no means at his best. Of course at times he played a brilliant game, but he gave way a little towards the end. Mr. F. Hargreaves (Orleans) was, if anything, a little above his form, and lost no chances. But it was a great game, and Mr. St. Quinton may congratulate himself on having established a tournament which has fairly earned a place among those of the first class. The whole series of games has been very good.

Let us turn to Ranelagh, where there was a great crowd and the grounds looked their best. There was nothing to draw a crowd except the polo, but that is now enough. The Duke of Cambridge was walking about with Colonel FitzGeorge, and Lady Hartopp represented Melton. There were two or three well-known Indian polo players, and several coaches; but I could only see these from the pavilion, and therefore do not know to whom they belonged. The polo provided was excellent—Old Harrovians (the school has produced many fine polo players of late years) v. Ranelagh. The representatives of the school were Messrs. Guy Gilbey, Walter Jones, Captain E. D. Miller, and Mr. D. Marjoribanks. Ranelagh had the Comte de Madre, Lord Shrewsbury, Messrs. C. P. Nickalls and John Watson. Both teams were beautifully mounted. There are no better ponies for a No. 1 to ride than Black Diamond, Blackberry, and Spinster, and Mr. Guy Gilbey did well, even with such a No. 4 as Mr. John Watson, who had, I believe, Moonstone, though I did not actually see her. If I repeated the names of the other ponies I might be accused of vain repetitions, but I thought the two thorough-bred ponies—Mr. Walter Jones's Little Fairy and Lord Shrewsbury's white-faced chestnut—looked better than I have ever seen them. The match may be described as a fast one, played from end to end of the ground, the ball not often out. The Old Harrovians ought to have won, and they did, but not without a close struggle. The Comte de Madre tried hard, but his pursuit of Captain Miller was not always successful. The Duke of Cambridge, who was always a good friend to polo in the Army, watched the game with keen interest.

On Saturday Ranelagh have their ladies' driving competition, with Lord Shrewsbury as judge, and he and Mr. Buckmaster will judge at the Pony Show on June 1st, the entries for which close at midnight next Wednesday. Old Indian polo players will be sorry to hear that the Rajah of Jodhpore, well known on Indian polo grounds, is in very bad health. All players will welcome the Rajah Kumar of Cooch Behar, who is playing in the Oxford University team this season. May he play as well as his father. The Holderness Club have begun their season full of enthusiasm and keenness—full of promise, too, I may say, if only they would steady down a bit and keep their places. The Mr. Cecil, of the 21st Lancers, who has been playing in Dublin is a nephew of the Prime Minister, and is a promising member of the regimental team. What military polo there will be, and if there will be any, it is difficult to say, but the Bays, the 7th Hussars, and the Household Cavalry are all working hard. Mr. Dudley Marjoribanks, of the Royal Horse Guards, who was on Saturday playing for the Old Harrovians at Ranelagh, is quite fulfilling the promise of his earlier days, when he was in the regimental team that won the Subalterns' Cup at Ranelagh.

The final of the Hunt Cup will be played on Saturday. The entries are: The Pytchley, Mr. Fernie's Hunt, the Cheshire, the Quorn, the Devon and Somerset, and the Warwickshire. By the way, the Devon and Somerset are the first stag-hunting team to put in an appearance for the Ranelagh Cup. I should think the Ward Union could find a strong team to go against them if they would. So far as can be seen at present, Warwickshire v. Pytchley ought to be an Homeric struggle whenever it comes off. X.

FROM THE PAVILION.

JESSOP played a wonderful innings at Lord's the other day, which had to be seen to be appreciated; in about 100 min. he hit up 169 runs by the most infinite variety of strokes conceivable, as infinite in the variety of their kind as of their merit. One ball, a full pitch, he pulled clean out of Lord's, the wicket being rather low down; another, a tremendous "lift," found the top balcony of the pavilion; while others searched every nook and corner of the ground, "fourers" being far more frequent than singles. Curiously enough, H. B. Hayman, on the next day, got almost as many runs, 165 to wit, in just an hour longer, though at one time his hitting was quite Jessopian in its fury; Hayman, however, like most of us, has to play himself in, while Jessop finds one ball enough for that purpose. Hayman treated the Oxford bowlers to some terrible flagellation, even Knox, the captain, not escaping, as off consecutive balls of his were hit 6, 4, 6, 6, and 1. White, the other bowler, getting off comparatively cheaply with 4, 4, 4, 4! This was smacking with a vengeance, even when it is remembered that The Parks is not a very large ground. The success of three veterans last week-end was rather remarkable. W. L. Murdoch scored 43 and 93 against Leicestershire; W. Newham made 77 against Essex; and the Essex veteran, A. P. Lucas, replied with a perfect 83 on behalf of his side. All of these men must be well over forty years of age.

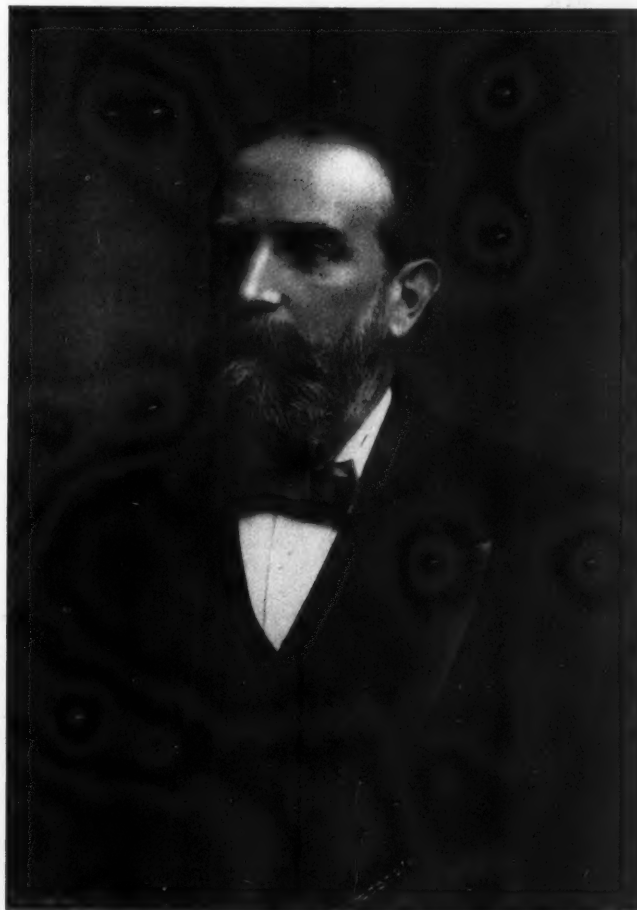
There have been all sorts and conditions of centuries, but the highest of last week, and thus far of the season, was the 216 made by Llewelyn against his South African compatriots—a most unfriendly greeting to them, but the product of some capital batting. In this young player, who can bowl as well as bat, Hants may have found a treasure, but Llewelyn, originally playing as an amateur, has now, I gather, undertaken the game professionally. All good luck to him! Will the champions of reform kindly note that, notwithstanding plenty of free scoring, all the seven first-class matches of last week-end were fairly played out to a finish, and that in spite of a good sprinkling of dropped catches? Personally,

I don't think the time has come to count such misses—the average, by the way, according to the *Sunday Times* figures, works out at about 30 per "muff"—for last week's wind was far too cold for anything harder than the merest dolly! As there have been but few bowling feats to record, let me not omit to remind readers that Lockwood did the hat trick against Derbyshire, getting Hulme caught, and bowling Berwick and Bestwick with his next two balls. The South Africans fell upon bad times when they took on Hampshire and allowed three men to make centuries, their fast bowler, Sinclair, having but little success; however, they retaliated by putting up a big total, to which Bisset contributed 94 and Hathorn 133. Bisset, I believe, is the son of the famous Middlesex wicket-keeper of the sixties, Bisset-Hallwell by name, but who generally played as Bisset, or under one of his innumerable aliases. Worcester-shire, though beaten by Yorkshire, deserve a word of credit for the good fight they made. R. E. Foster (the only Foster playing) did not come off, yet they headed the big county in the first innings, and got them out twice for 450 runs in all. Unluckily, this was just 95 too many for the Worcestershire men, but they had the satisfaction of preventing any Yorkshireman from getting 50 runs in an innings, while Bowley got 63 and 75—a very fine performance—and W. H. Wilkes 109. Unfortunately, these two heroes got no support among the batsmen, and it was the failure of the batting brigade that lost the match. In other county matches the big battalions consistently won, though Sussex must have been somewhat chagrined at a defeat (a hollow one) by Essex. Sussex are, however, in a poor plight, with their two crack batsmen away, to say nothing of others, though where they would have been without Newham and Vine in the first innings the goddess of Fortune alone knows. One hears but little of University cricket at present, though rumour reports Oxford as weak. If Dillon gets his eye in—he has been very quiescent hitherto—we may hear a change of tale, while several of the Cambridge men, including Day, the captain, and Wilson, have been suffering from Tripos fever, a trying disease that entails long confinement to the house. With their restoration to health and cricket we trust that the consulting physicians will issue a favourable report of their symptoms in due course.

W. J. FORD.

A FAITHFUL . . . PUBLIC SERVANT.

A VERSATILE man and a capable public servant has passed away in the person of Sir Courtenay Boyle, who died on Sunday of heart failure. He was only fifty-six years of age, and had been from 1893 Permanent Secretary to



J. Russell. THE LATE SIR COURTENAY BOYLE. Copyright

the Board of Trade, in which position he won golden opinions from all sorts of people for, among other things, his tactful and wise treatment of opposing parties in the various railway disputes. In addition to being a good public servant he was a clever and interesting writer on a variety of topics, and much interested in all manly sports and pastimes, especially the game

of cricket. His death was sudden, as, apparently in excellent health, he attended a banquet in Liverpool just three days before it occurred.

RACING NOTES.

DESPITE the fact that only a small field turned out, the race for the Newmarket Stakes last week proved as interesting as anything that has happened this year, although at the same time it threw no light upon our Derby problem. With William III., Doricles, Aida, and Ian only separated by a head, or less, from each other, there would seem to be still further proof that our three year olds—

or at any rate the majority of them—are all upon the same level of comparative badness, since a head victory or even a half-length victory cannot be accepted as distinct evidence of appreciable superiority. As an exhibition of jockeyship M. Cannon's handling of William III. can compare favourably with anything, either home-grown or imported, that we have seen this season, and indeed I very much doubt whether our distinguished visitors could have won the race under the same circumstances. This was not one of those cases in which the horse runs his own race and the duty of the jockey is confined to motionless inactivity and gentle guidance, but it required vigorous, skilful horsemanship to squeeze the last ounce out of the winner, who was in difficulties half a mile from home, and upon whom M. Cannon had set to work long before either Aida or Doricles had shown any sign of distress. The way in which he reserved the last capacity for effort for the precise moment when it was wanted, and then—with one cut of the whip, only one, mark you, no flail work—timed it so exactly that as they passed the post—not before or after—but as they passed the post, he was leading by the shortest of short heads, recalled the finishes of Archer, Fordham, and M. Cannon's father. Whatever the defects of the St. Simon blood may be, faintheartedness is not one of them, and it would be difficult off-hand to mention three races in which horses have shown more dogged determination and plucky endurance than Persimmon's Derby, the Ascot Cup in which Florizel II. gave Dominicus II. weight and ran him to a head, and the Newmarket Stakes of 1901.

And yet, as I said at the beginning of the last paragraph, the result of the race does not assist us with regard to the Derby, for although William III. has beaten Doricles, he cannot—or perhaps it would be safer to say he ought to—have any chance with Handicapper if the running in the Two Thousand is in any way reliable. If the only horses entered in the big race were horses who have run recently, it would be—to use a betting term—a case of evens on the field; but there is so much good material which has not been tried, that the performances which have been accomplished cannot bring us any comfort. For my own part, looking back quickly over the winter months and their incidents,

I am inclined to uphold Volodyovski, although if I was challenged to explain the faith that is in me I should be hard pressed to find any reason, except that he has not failed conspicuously in anything that he has undertaken, and that he has accomplished a most satisfactory trial with Kilmarnock II. Meanwhile Floriform, Revenue, and Olympian all secure attention from many, and every day brings with it some new outsider who may effect a surprise.

"The fierce light" which, on the authority of the poet, we believe "to beat upon the throne," is merely a dim and weakly flicker when it is compared with the penetrating Röntgen rays that are brought to bear upon the life and habits of a celebrated jockey or trainer. At the present time, the last victim of the light is Halsey, who under the title of "the man of the moment," "the idol of the hour," "the cynosure of all eyes," or any other journalistic tag by which the reader may recognise him, is the most successful person in the racing world. The result has been a scramble between Sir E. Cassel and Mr. A. M. Singer, which has come before the Jockey Club for their decision. It seems that in spite of the fact that Halsey had accepted £1,000 as a retaining fee, in return for which he had promised to ride the Michel Grove horses, he also engaged himself as first jockey to Sir E. Cassel, in the hope, no doubt, that he would ride Handicapper in the Derby. This arrangement has been set aside by the Jockey Club. Handicapper is without a jockey, and riotion has resulted between Mr. Singer and Halsey, so that the latter has decided to give up training and devote himself to riding, which purpose he has now carried out, and Mr. G. S. Davies



Rough. WILLIAM III., DORICLES, AND IAN WAITING TO START.

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will in future train at Findon, while Halsey will ride Revenue in the Derby. Incidentally Mr. Pawson's horses will be withdrawn from the care of Mr. G. S. Davies. That Halsey is making a wise choice is undeniable, for whereas a man cannot ride when he is old, he can train almost until the time of his "passing."

It is not given to all of us to understand the minds of Bishops or to guess their intentions, and, bearing this in mind, I was content last week to generalise on the subject of gambling Bills, rather than follow the lead which many sporting writers gave me and read the Bishop of Hereford and his projected Bill. It is true that I possessed little information, but what little information I did possess was correct, and it told me that there would be no Bill, and, more than that, that there never was a Bill at all. So that when I said that "the earnest sportsmen who were writing so vigorously were crying out before they were hurt," I was distinctly on the side of the angels, which, in this instance (though not, I submit, from necessity), was the same thing as being on the side of the Bishop. The abuse which has been poured upon the unfortunate Dr. Percival on account of the Bill which he did not bring forward, has been varied and vigorous in character, but the end has now been reached, since one writer sets out this grievance as a legitimate reason for the removal of all Bishops from the House of Lords, and that forthwith. This is beating the Queen of Hearts at her own game. At any rate she executed her enemies separately.

If our three year olds this year are far from brilliant, this want of quality is made up to us to some extent by the fact that, taken collectively, our handicap



W. A. Rough.

NEWMARKET STAKES: THE START.

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horses are good, very good indeed. Half the horses who ran in the Jubilee Stakes were winners of good races, and in the Manchester Cup, which will be run on May 31st, we find some really good animals, and with this evidence before our eyes, we cannot conscientiously say that we are short of horses who can stay and carry a big weight. Most of the old names appear again at Manchester, including Caiman, 8st. 10lb., Kilmarnock, 9st. 2lb., Clarehaven, 9st. 2lb., all of whom have good records, while San Toi is held in reserve for Ascot, when he will fight the Frenchman. Other good horses there are, such as Stoccardo and Aquascutum, and over the dead, heavy Manchester course the winner will have to do all he knows, and, looking over the acceptances a second time, I rejoice that the harassing labour of prophesying winners does not concern me.

Was Harrow doped when he won the Alexandra Handicap without the least trouble, and, if he was doped, what was he doped with, and, if doping can make a difference of 2st. in the running of a horse, who can decry the practice of doping as long as it is legal? Such were the questions which racing men discussed with no little heat, though without much result, at Gatwick on Friday and Saturday, and so far nobody has found an answer to the first two. Nobody, I believe, has yet defined what doping is, except in so far that we are all agreed that it means "dosing" a horse with something. But with what? For years horses have been treated to a drop of whisky, and if they are to have whisky, why should they not have cocaine, or anything else? When we find a horse like Harrow, who, running three races within a fortnight, runs like three different horses, what can we say, what can we think, and what can we do? One thing is quite certain—we can do nothing. As things are now, a trainer can "dose," or dope, his horse with sulphuric acid, pounded oyster shells, champagne and brandy, or anything that may seem to him to be efficacious, and no one can interfere with him. The only person who may object is the horse—or, rather, the constitution of the horse—and in this fact lies protection from doping. I do not believe that any horse, any more than any athlete, can continue to show his best form under the effect of stimulants, whether alcoholic or otherwise. As gentlemen in the melodramas say, "A time will come" when Nature will object. And we know that when Nature objects she is very thorough in her work.

Although Mr. Sievier did not succeed in selling his horse, Duke of Westminster, the other day, at Newmarket, he very nearly sold him this week to His Grace the Duke of Westminster, for, I am told, £15,000, which means, at any rate, allowing for exaggeration, something over £10,000. The trouble was, that Mr. Sievier could not see his way to let John Porter try the horse before the money was paid over. His point of view is pretty clear to anybody who will reflect for a moment, and for that reason it seems a pity that the sale was not completed. Kingsclere has sheltered so many great horses that we have grown accustomed to it, and the fact that the tactics of Kingsclere are not "slim" adds to our joy and pleasure when their horses succeed.

And so Joe Osborne has gone at last, and in the going has severed one more of the few remaining links which binds to a bygone generation. In some respects it must have been a happy deliverance, for the old gentleman was nearly stone deaf, enjoyed the sight of only one eye, while the burden of ninety-one years weighed heavily upon him, more especially after his accident at Ludgate Hill more than ten years ago, when his shoulder was badly injured by a passing bus. If ever a man was bred right to be a thorough, whole-hearted sportsman, Joseph Osborne was the man, and if ever a man did justice to his breeding, Joe Osborne was, without doubt, the person. Belonging as he did to the days when men drank their three bottles and gambled afterwards until the pale sun drove them to bed, he must have thought our modern bloods sadly lacking in spirit and initiative, and, if history be true, his part in these things was by no means confined to looking on, and his lasting bitter regret is said to have been that he did not win the Grand National three times instead of only twice with his great horse Ab-El-Kader. In spite of the immense volume of work which he used to turn out for the Press, Mr. Osborne always trained a few horses, first of all at Telscombe, and afterwards at Epsom, and his connection with race-horses brought him more gain and, perhaps, more satisfaction than his journalistic ventures, more especially his unsuccessful venture, the *Horse-Breeder's Record*, over which he expended an infinite amount of labour and no small quantity of money, and reaped no harvest in return for either. Although in the winter of his days no small amount of misfortune gathered round him, the strenuous efforts of friends succeeded in keeping it away, and Mrs. Osborne is adequately provided for. One of the last of the Grand Old Men of the Turf, he lived his long life at full pressure all the time, always active, always doing, always engaged in some occupation of which horses and racing formed an integral part, and even towards the very end, when his eyesight and his hearing were both slipping away from him, he still wrote of the sport he loved. Kindly and good-tempered, transparently honest, abnormally painstaking, he deserved more success than he received. But perhaps it was some satisfaction to him to know that if his training labours were not always successful, the amount of affection and esteem which he attracted to himself from all who knew him was probably unequalled by anybody else in the racing world. BUCEPHALUS.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

May 20th.

SPRING CHANGES.

WITH the latter half of May comes a complete change in our country interests. One scarcely realises how quickly everything has been growing until everything is overgrown. Perhaps you may leave home for a couple of days and on the way to the railway station note the meadows silvered with daisies and tufted with pale cowslips. Two days later you return and find the entire fields spread with the buttercups' cloth of gold, almost too dazzling to look at in the sun. Then you realise the pace at which Nature is drawing veil after veil over her spring secrets. For the whole surface of the ground and of the hedges is let out for very short seasons in tiered "shop fronts" to the different plants that jostle to expose their wares in full bloom to the insect world. There is a time when even in sheltered woodland nooks the 3-inch stature of a primrose easily catches the eye. A little later the forget-me-not's six inches barely suffices, and the periwinkle in succession needs a foot of flower-shoot. After that come the scrambling crowd which are glad if, by tip-toeing up through leafy branches, climbing up on each other's shoulders, and craning long flower stalks at the summit of 3ft. of straggling stem, they can occupy so much as a back attic in some overcrowded thicket, whence they can put in an appearance during "the season" for their finery.

VEILS OF THE SEASON.

The bushes and the trees are jostling on a higher plane of rivalry, and though a fraction of an inch may not seem much in the expansion of a leaf or the prolongation of a stalk, when it is multiplied by millions of millions in the day's growth of a single spinney, the effect is that of a complete change of scene; which one only realises from the way in which familiar landmarks are covered by the rising tide of life. Next winter the bare brown hedges will be conspicuously blotted against the sky by birds' nests in preposterously exposed positions, when it will seem impossible that they could have been overlooked by any passer-by; but if you analyse the leafy screen that hides, say, a white-throat's nest from view, you will find that none of its component parts are meant to outlast the season. Its task achieved in fertilised flower and ripened seed, each plant root below ceases to pump up supplies through the long thin stem which it has sent up with so much effort, and we do not notice how strand by strand the bush growth withers, weakens, and falls away, until in autumn a few browned leaves, a few wisps of straw-like stalks, hang limply on that solitary branchlet of thorn, which holds out its empty bird's nest to your view as obtrusively as a begging dish. "Fancy a bird building in such a place as that," you say, yet had you found it in mid-May you would have been proud of penetrating the clever concealment.

THINGS SEEN AND UNSEEN.

The effect of these successive veils of greenery which Nature spreads round herself in May is to make man a comparative stranger to her life during the summer months. The flowers he cannot help seeing; they are meant to be conspicuous. And he sees a great deal, too, of the butterflies and other insects for whom the flowers are displayed, and with some of the overt actions of the creatures in fur and feathers which prey upon the insects he cannot help being familiar. Young birds in their foolishness and old birds in their anxiety will also thrust themselves upon his notice. You cannot overlook a young thrush on a croquet hoop, or a young sparrow chirping at you from a greenhouse shelf, and two or three young rooks flapping hungrily after their worm-hunting parent in the furrows command attention at 100yds. But elsewhere all that you see of the multitudinous life around you is a glimpse of this or that wild thing popping in and out of cover for an instant. All that you hear, too, is the song of birds, which they mean to be heard. So soon as you draw near enough to endanger any of their secrets the birds are dumb, and all Nature holds its breath till you pass by.

TAKING COVER.

But the self-control of wild life is ridiculously brief, and if you have a mind to watch instead of being watched, all that you have to do is to follow Nature's plan and "take cover" for a few minutes. The sharp ears that heard your footfall and the leady black eyes that took note of the passing shadow of your stature against the sky are quickly reassured. Seated quietly on a fallen log, you become a harmless excrescence thereon in the view of the little people of the wood. A rustle among the ivy betrays to you a short-tailed field-vole sitting up to clean its face, with its fur glistening ruddy almost as a dormouse in the sunlight. Other rustles converging and diverging through the undergrowth show that here is a very network of the voles' highways, along which they make mysterious little scurrying journeys, meeting to compare notes at the crossways and suddenly vanishing, to reappear as suddenly by some hidden short cut 2ft. nearer to you. Half a hint of something moving in that green oasis where a glint of sunlight falls between the slender tree trunks grows unexpectedly into the head and pricked up ears of a little rabbit busily nibbling off the little green shoots that some patient plant has thrust up since the last rabbit halted there.

THE SQUIRREL'S METHODS.

The noise of a slithering scramble overhead startles the bunny for an instant; but, reassured to find that it was only a squirrel, he hops out a little into the open and squats to enjoy the sunshine. Meanwhile the squirrel, evidently following a familiar track, has reached a long, horizontal branch which leads him to within a yard of the zigzag fence. Along this he bustles and drops off at the corner, scampering straight across the glade to the border where some of the nuts which he buried last autumn are revealing their presence by bumping up the ground, through which their seed leaves are trying to burst. There seemed more madness than method in the squirrel's conduct when, in the heyday of nutting-time, you saw him hurrying backwards and forwards between the nut avenue and the different patches of soft ground, carrying ripe nuts to hasty burial. But now he has all the method of a trained hound carefully quartering the ground for his quarry. As he winds his way through the sparse herbage, with his tail trailing behind, he looks like a furred brown snake but for his jerky movements. Suddenly, up goes his tail in a note of interrogation. He thinks he has hit upon a hidden nut. If the hope proves false his tail sinks again and the search proceeds; but if the guess is correct a quick spasm of digging shakes his frame, the sprouting nut is tugged out, and he bounds to the nearest branch, whence you will presently see one-half of the split nutshell fall on each side, while the squirrel nibbles up the crisp morsel that the ground has held in trust for him all through the winter.

THE SQUIRREL'S EXAMINATION.

After the little meal follows an elaborate toilet, in which the squirrel seems especially punctilious about cleaning the paws he soiled in digging, and after that there is generally a great deal of scratching of various parts of his person to be got through, during which he suddenly catches sight of the human intruder. There is no alarm, however, in the steady stare which he fixes upon you. Instead of scurrying off at once, he takes up a better position from which to regard the strange object. Still, not satisfied, he comes yet nearer. Perhaps at this point he will fly into a rage at your intrusion, and begin a series of barking coughs, each accompanied by a flap of the tail and a retrograde movement of an inch or two. If he does not bark you into a fit of laughter, it is inevitable that, sooner or later, a fly must tickle your nose, or some other cause compel you to move slightly, upon which, with the chance of alarm that has evidently been on the tip of his tongue since he first caught sight of you, the squirrel flies up the trunk of the tree and continues his hostile demonstrations at a safer distance. And his withdrawal gives you opportunity to discover the society of small life that has imperceptibly gathered round you. Animals, insects, and birds, especially those birds which naturalists describe as "skulking" in their habits, are going about their daily business in pleasure all around you, and if you cannot spend a pleasant and profitable hour in their company you must be hard to please.

ASH AND OAK.

The old weather saw about the leafing of oak and ash has been justified by the weather so far; for it is seldom indeed that the annual race is won so decisively by the oak, and as seldom that such drought prevails in spring. If

summer is also dry, the tradition will enter upon a new lease of respect, for no well-established superstition needs to be fully justified more than once in half-a-dozen seasons for its acceptance as rustic gospel. For four successive years at least an abundant crop of autumn berries has *not* been followed by a hard winter; but if next Michaelmas should bring a brilliant display of red to mountain ash, holly, and hawthorn, and next Christmas should be arctic, all our rural wiseacres will aver that the connection is inevitable. It is never wise, however, to say that there is nothing in these old traditions. In a less conventional stage of civilisation our forefathers were more conversant with natural phenomena; and though we may plausibly deny to oak and ash any foreknowledge of the weather, we cannot say that the same conditions which bring one into leaf before the other may not, in the long average of years, naturally precede a season of dryness. Science teaches us in most cases to distinguish effect and cause; but the action and reaction of causes and effects often make it difficult to decide which is which, and who shall say where successive cycles begin or end?

SCIENCE AND PROVIDENCE.

It would probably be correct, for instance, to say that when few martins and swallows come to the East Coast in the spring migration the weather is going to be dry; not that we need credit these birds with foreknowledge in Africa of the meteorological conditions which will prevail in England later, but because the same persistence of east winds which deflect the course of the birds' migration westwards also keeps back the rain-bearing currents of air from the Atlantic. As the same conditions are inimical to the appearance of small-winged insects on our bleak Eastern Coasts, the pious mind might have conceived a theory that Providence specially guides the birds to those regions where their food is most plentiful. This is, of course, the effect of the prevalence of east winds in spring, and furnishes one of the innumerable instances where the cause and effect of science coincide with the purpose and achievement of religion. Indeed, it is only the evidence of so much apparent cruelty in Nature's methods that makes one hesitate to identify evolution as the ordinary manifestation of Providence.

E. K. R.

EIGHTS WEEK . . . AT OXFORD.

THERE are those who maintain that rain is the only thing that can prevent Oxford in an Eights Week from being a Paradise. This year there has been an unique combination of events to render the celebration altogether delightful. Of rain there was never the slightest fear, and the usual picnics, garden parties, and cricket matches passed off in perfect enjoyment. The racing itself was full of interest, the number of close finishes being large, so that excitement and interest were maintained to the last. To crown all, on the Friday the Oxford Volunteers returned from the



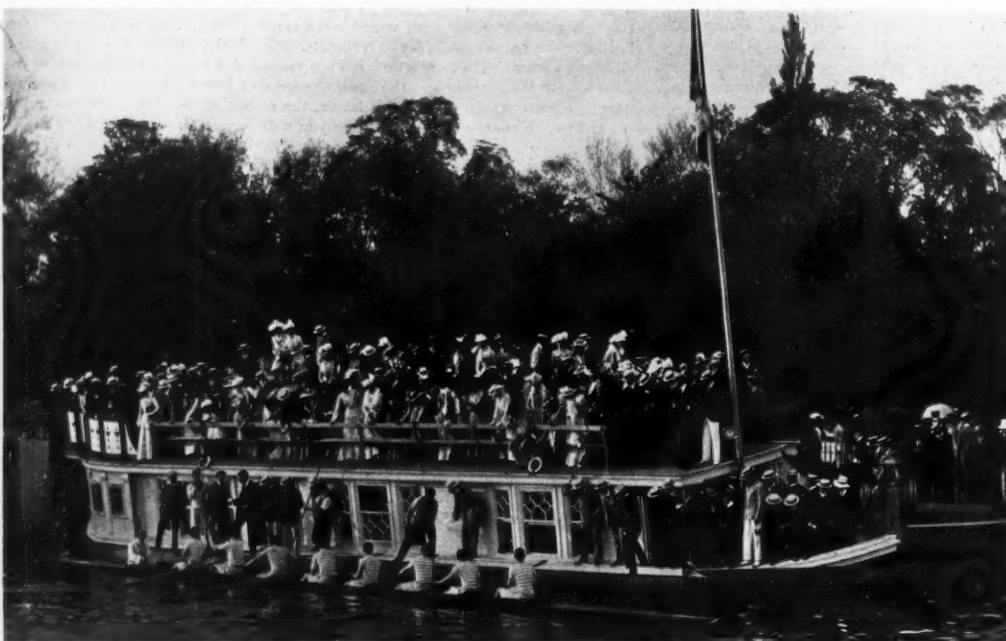
H. W. Taunt. THE OXFORD EIGHTS: PEMBROKE PRESSED BY MERTON.

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front, and a slight attack of Mafeking fever resulted. New College were the heroes of the week, for they worked themselves up to the proud position of head of the river. An extraordinary accident occurred on the last day—amusing from the spectators' point of view, perhaps, but scarcely felicitous for St. John's College. Queen's, after bumping the House, did not draw into the bank clear from the course, and Jesus College (who seem to have been very carelessly "cox'ed") ran right into them. This was inexcusable, as three others had passed clear. No matter who was to blame, the affair involved Wadham, St. Catherine's, and, last but not least, St. John's, who had their boat broken up, whilst the crew took an unprompted bath. The bare results of the racing will be uninteresting to those who have not a personal interest in the colleges. The titles of the illustrations may, however, be amplified with advantage. In the one Merton is seen pressing Pembroke, and the two crews coming up are Keble and Trinity, the latter of whom made their bump. The boats on the right are those of Balliol and Brasenose. The other photograph might almost represent Henley, so crowded is the houseboat (which is in reality the New College barge) with ladies and parasols, and the successful crew can scarcely be dissatisfied with their reception. In conclusion, the Eights Week of 1901 will go down to posterity as one of the most successful of the period, and this is saying a great deal.

A GARDENING BOOK.

"GARDENING FOR BEGINNERS" is the most recent addition to the "COUNTRY LIFE Library." It will amply fulfil the expectations of those who desire a book about gardening written in simple language and crammed with facts about flowers, fruits, and even vegetables, which the beginner must understand to achieve even moderate success. There are gardening manuals without number, and, of course, works of acknowledged merit and importance, but nothing so charming and simple as this, or that embraces within its some 500 well-printed pages so much information, clearly expressed, on every phase of horticulture. It is such works as this that help forward that thirst for a knowledge of the flower-life around us so delightfully characteristic of the present age, and thousands now seek in their gardens that rest and refreshment from daily toil afforded by no other recreation. As Miss Jekyll so well says in the preface, "There are many now who wish to learn, and a simple book that will put them in the right way and be truly a beginner's book, telling all about gardening in the simple language that all can understand, and describing garden methods and practice in detail, can hardly fail to be welcome and useful." We are becoming a nation of gardeners, and it is for the country's good that its men and women find pleasure in planting their gardens with all that is beautiful from our own and other lands, and in the best taste. With the help



H. W. Taunt. RECEPTION OF NEW COLLEGE CREW AT THEIR BARGE.

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of a few of the good gardening books of the past, and such works as this, planters of gardens are acquiring a sense of colour beauty, a true knowledge of fitting things in their right place, and of making the pleasure ground or the simple homely patch fragrant and restful. A careful analysis of "Gardening for Beginners" shows that no tree, shrub, flower, fruit, or vegetable of the slightest use to the beginner has been omitted, and many excellently-done drawings explain the simple operations of gardening, such as potting, layering carnations, thinning a bunch of grapes, and other common garden practices, about which so many need direction. The book opens with a preface by Miss Jekyll, author of "Wood and Garden," and then follows a frontispiece representing the glorious masses of German iris, or "Blue Flags," in the Royal Gardens at Kew. This frontispiece forms one of nearly 100 illustrations representing garden flowers and views of gardens, reproduced upon art paper and interleaved between the pages of the letterpress. These are not merely helpful pictures, but are instructive as showing how much in a quite simple way the beginner may accomplish with a proper knowledge of a few important details. "Groups of Garden Flowers" forms the first chapter, and herein is described the most lovely and desirable of flowers for the border or bed, the snapdragon, the dainty columbine, auricula, hollyhock, and other good garden plants. Then the sweet violets, the carnation and picotee, hardy and half-hardy annual flowers, fruits, vegetables, and even a few of the most easily-grown orchids, are described, with information also about bulbs, greenhouse plants, and, of course, trees, shrubs, and roses. The author has rightly given much space to a consideration of the best shrubs for English gardens. As he so well says, "Many of the most beautiful trees and shrubs for the garden are either unknown or their importance unrecognised," and for that reason he has given prominence to the magnolias, the snowy mespilus, the quince, the medlar, mock oranges, and other flowering shrubs familiar by name but rare in the garden or orchard.

We turned with interest to the pages descriptive of the rose in its many phases. This forms one of the most useful chapters and is well illustrated. There are several full-page illustrations, including a delightful rose-arch in an old garden, standard roses of the correct kind, the exquisite hybrid tea rose, Viscountess Folkestone, pegged-down roses, the double Persian yellow rose on edge of woodland, and the garland rose at Munstead. Nothing seems wanting. We look in the splendid index to find all about Marechal Niel rose under glass, and a page or more about the queenly flower is our reward. The description of the China, or monthly, rose will show the kind of look this is, so fresh and interesting without sacrificing its practical worth to mere literary embellishment: "Although the China, or monthly, rose has many attributes, it is by no means present in every garden; indeed, one may go through many and never see it at all. Someone who truly loves good garden plants says: 'If I had only a square yard of garden it should have a bush of rosemary, and if I had a yard and a-half it should have a rosemary and a China rose.' It is indeed a delightful flower, this common old kind, with its loose clusters of cool pink blooms, sometimes cup-shaped and sometimes flattened from the slight reflexing of the fully-expanded petals, always dainty and pleasantly fresh-looking, and with a faint and tender scent whose quality exactly matches its modestly charming individuality. There are garden varieties of deeper



HARDY NYMPHÆAS (WATER-LILIES) IN TANK.

colour, but these seem rather to lose the distinctive grace of the type."

There is a capital account of the way to grow plants in a cold greenhouse, and at the end of the book a gardening chart, which is the most valuable record we have seen of the things to grow in the beginner's garden, or rather, we should say, to select. This table will interest those with large domains, especially the list of hardy flowers with excellent cultural notes. There are lists not merely of hardy flowers, but of roses, fruits, vegetables, chrysanthemums, stove plants, trees and shrubs, a election of things for various positions, and many useful hints as to the uses of shady banks, making a pergola and hedges of flowering shrubs, etc. In fact the book deals with phases of gardening far beyond the mere growing of a number of plants without reference to the blending either of form or colour. The author has evidently not only a complete knowledge of his subject, but also possesses that rare gift—artistic taste. We can thoroughly recommend "Gardening for Beginners" as the most practical and pleasantly written work that has yet appeared. As the title indicates, it is a book that anyone, no matter how ignorant of gardening matters he may be, can consult without becoming befogged in a maze of botanical names. And yet, so thoroughly has the work been done, that even gardeners of long experience will find themselves amply repaid for the time spent in a careful perusal of its pages. It fills a distinct gap, and should stimulate those who have hitherto failed to "try again," and lead others to interest themselves in the fruits and flowers of the earth.

"Gardening for Beginners."

By E. T. Cook, joint-editor of the *Garden*, etc. Published by COUNTRY LIFE, 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.; and George Newnes, Limited, 7-12, Southampton Street, Covent Garden, W.C. Price 10s. 6d. nett.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BREEDING OF HUNTERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can any of your readers account for the fact that in spite of all the efforts that have been made to improve hunters, the executive of the Dublin Spring Show tell us that the half-bred sires are a very poor lot. With so much discussion about the urgent necessity of a Government stud farm it is indeed disappointing to find that our supply of half-bred sires is so bad, because, with all due respect to those who swear by thorough-breds, I do not believe that we shall ever get the ideal troop horse with thorough-bred sires. The ideal troop horse must be,

until our cavalry are less encumbered with equipment than they are at present, up to at least 14st., which means a lot of bone. Moreover, if suitable mares are bred by thorough-bred horses, they certainly do not fall into the hands of the Government. They are sold as hunters at large prices, or at any rate at prices which the Government profess themselves unable to pay. Where is your £40 troop horse coming from if not from a half-bred sire; and if half-bred sires are not forthcoming, where is your troop horse coming from at all, and how are our cavalry going to be mounted? I know that in certain quarters and by certain



EARLY SUMMER FLOWERS AT MUNSTEAD.

enthusiasts any sire that is thorough-bred is pooh-poohed as useless, but for this branch of work, *i.e.*, Government work, the half-bred sire becomes a necessity. The price which the Government pays at present does not admit the possibility of thorough-bred sires to any great extent. But if what your correspondent "W. H. K." stated last week is correct, *i.e.*, that the best horses do not appear at shows, things may not be so bad as they seem. On the face of it it seems as if a great deal of money has been wasted to no purpose.—C. T. L.

SOLDIERS' ARREARS OF PAY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It will be within the recollection of your readers that an officer in one of the newly-raised or augmented regiments practically went "on strike" because he could not get his pay. Doubtless the means he took to draw attention to the grievance were irregular, and that view was taken by the authorities. But it was admitted that the pay had been in arrears. A far harder case seems to me to be that of many of the privates of the Reserve who were called up some eighteen months ago. I can only give their own story, which is this: They were called up, drafted some into their old regiments, some into new ones, and received in most cases an advance of a few pounds. Since then they maintain that they have not been paid at all as the other soldiers have, but only their Reservist pay, and some of them not that. In the case of those who were married and had wives and families some of the cash due has been paid to the latter weekly, but the unmarried men are still unpaid. One very hard case has been brought to my notice. The man had been a soldier, and had secured a good place in the police. He rejoined, being called up in October of last year. He came home with a badly-damaged leg, and no money whatever. Then he went into hospital, came out, and was ordered to rejoin his corps in Ireland. He had to borrow the money to get there, was again invalided, put into the military hospital, and literally has not money to buy stamps to write home with. Perhaps some of your readers could say whether any of their experiences lie on the same lines as these.—RESERVISTS' FRIEND.

LOST HOUSES OF ENGLAND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your pages are a mine of beauty so far as existing country house and garden architecture is concerned, and I was interested to see that one of the garden pictures had been taken as the model for the staging of one of the best "put on" scenes of Shakespeare at a leading theatre. Might it not also be possible to show in your pages some of the lost houses and palaces of this country, places not destroyed, but of which the sites and surroundings sometimes remain uninjured, and of which paintings and careful architectural drawings still exist. If this were done, the fine elevations and details of the too long list of good houses burnt, demolished, or rebuilt on new lines would reach a very much larger public than the architects and antiquaries who at present are the only people acquainted with them. I could mention a few, among them the palace built for the Earls of Craven at Hampstead Marshall, on the lines of Heidelberg Castle, Seaton Delaval (burnt, but standing in part), old Richmond Palace, and old Montagu House. But from the death-rate of houses, published by Messrs. Merryweather, there must be hundreds of first-class old mansions which now only exist in plans and pictures.—ARCHITECT.

BIRDS' NESTS IN GARDENS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A good many people ask how it is that so many kinds of birds nest in my garden. There are in all thirty-two species, including the brown and white owl, woodpecker, rook, and landrail, which generally has a nest in a little paddock of mowing grass, which is almost part of the garden. I think I am right in reckoning the orchard in the garden, too. Position has something to do with it. But if any one of your readers wishes to have a large population of birds, and especially of foreign migrants, he can easily manage it by providing the kind of quarters they like. Except the wren, redstart, and flycatcher, the hole-building birds are nearly all stay-at-homes—creepers, tits, nuthatches, starlings, and woodpeckers. For them leave all old rotten trees, and do not cut out the dead branches. These are quite ornamental in their own way and certain to attract birds. At the edges of the shrubberies, where the sun shines hot, leave and encourage the brambles and plant the wild rose and wild honeysuckle. The brambles should be cut over occasionally in winter, and in spring they will be full of early young leaf. There all the warblers will love to nest. Let the ivy grow on a few of your trees for the early home-staying birds, like the wood-pigeon, thrush, and robin, and if you have a wood or faggot stack, leave it undisturbed for the same purpose till late in summer. Do not keep a fussy, noisy dog in the garden; birds dislike it, and will leave your lawn. If the old dead tree-stumps look unsightly round the orchard or shrubberies, plant a clematis against them. The birds will come to them all the same.—C. J. C.

ANIMAL ACROBATS

DEAR MR. EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"—Last year I wrote to you about hawks, but this year I am writing to you about our dog



doing gymnastics on Donald, our little Shetland pony, who is only a yard high; also my doves. But I will tell you about 'Glo (the dog) first. When we tell him to jump up on Donald's back, he springs up on his back and catches hold of his mane, and Donald begins to buck-jump, but Glo does not jump off until Donald has done it about six or eight times. Sometimes he does not stick on so well, and sometimes—not very often—he gets a kick. When someone comes to take his photograph he generally will not do it, but the other day we got a good one. I have not told father I am writing this, but when I have finished it I will, and I will ask him if he will give me photographs of Glo and Donald to send with my letter, as he has got some very good ones. Glo's nickname is "Bloater." I do not know why we call him it, but only my brother Oswald and I do it. I suppose I must say something about hawks to please father. Well, I do not know what I can say, because we had only two young kestrels this year, but father is sure to get some more. Father kept them for a little time and then let them go, but they did not come back for food. I expect father will go to Salisbury Plain this year with Mr. Michell, and I hope they will have as good weather as they had last year. I have got a tiny aviary for my doves, with trees in it. I had eleven doves, but I gave one away, and



a rat ate one, so I only have nine now. I expect I shall have a lot of young ones this year. I have four old ones, and their names are Herod and Herodias and Caesar and Dinah. I think they are beginning to find their nests, because you can see them carrying pieces of twigs in their beaks, and they go cooing after each other. At night I am sure they talk to each other, as they make little noises as if they were singing themselves to sleep. My brother often wakes them up, which I do not like. I have no more to tell you.—FRANCES LAVINIA GARDNER, Maisemore, Abergavenny.

FARMING IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have recently seen it stated in more than one paper that New Brunswick offers to enterprising and industrious people a very favourable field at the present moment, more especially if the enterprising people before mentioned are possessed of a little capital to invest in land. The information at present available is, however, very incomplete, and I write to ask you if any of your readers could inform me as to the price of land, the wages of labour, and so forth, which prevail there at the present time. That the Government are anxious for colonists is beyond question, since they have arranged that intending colonists shall be carried at very much reduced rates. Being the father of a large family of growing boys, with no obvious scholastic tendencies, I should be deeply grateful to any member of your staff, or any of your readers, who could supply me with information.—W. M. O.

AN ABSENT-MINDED DOG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Instances are frequent of hounds during the heat of the chase following their quarry blindly over precipices and so forth, but a friend of mine relates a story which may to many appear incredible. It seems that his dog was asleep in a room on the first floor of a house which was fitted both on the ground and first floors with French windows. The similarity of the two floors was so great that when his master whistled to him from the garden, the animal jumped up and ran right out of the open window, thinking, presumably, he was going out into the garden. And so he was, though it was a good 20ft. lower than expected. Can any of your readers give a similar case of a dog's mistake?—call it absence of mind if you will. This particular animal, I am assured, "escaped with a severe shaking."—BLUEBEARD.